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THE MEXICAN CRISIS REMAINS GRAVE. And the responsibility therefor lies clearly at the door of President Coolidge who is shifting his ground continually so that no sane man can know from day to day just what it is that he stands for, he and his Secretary of State. Look at the dispatches as they have appeared in the press. On January 17 the delicate situation in regard to Mexico and Nicaragua was "more satisfactory than at any time." Mr. Kellogg stated that the Government's policy had "undergone no change whatever; it was not true that it had gone from one of a continued show of force . . . to a willingness to endeavor to promote amity by arbitration or mediation." The very next day, however, he "welcomed" the resolution of Senator Robinson for arbitration and added: "For some time I have been giving very careful consideration to the question of the definite application of the principle of arbitration to the existing controversy with Mexico." Naturally that was supposed to be the utterance of the Government and as definitely to commit President Coolidge to the principle of arbitration as he could possibly be committed. The announcement created joy in Mexico, but on January 21 President Coolidge, through the thin disguise of the "Spokesman," cast his Secretary of State overboard and announced that he saw "no hope in arbitration, no question which should be arbitrated," and let it be known that in his opinion "nothing helpful could be gained by a discussion of arbitration of a dispute." The President wished even discussion of it banned. As the New York *Times* reported: "In the President's opinion, the sole issue at stake was the inalienable right for people to own their property and it should not be taken away by a government unless paid for," and that was not subject to arbitration.

MR. COOLIDGE'S DESIRE TO STOP DISCUSSION of the question of arbitration is in keeping with his recent demand that the American press cease criticism of his foreign policy. The country properly continues to bombard the President with demands that the historic American principle of arbitration be applied to this issue. In addition to the magnificent manifesto signed by more than 400 prominent citizens including many university presidents, we have had two admirable utterances in favor of arbitration and against war with Mexico from William Green, of the American Federation of Labor, and a fine statement by 101 college professors, many of them teachers of international law, demanding arbitration and pointing out that "the United States has already agreed upon a method by which they [the issues] should be adjudicated." The professors further declared that the questions are "appropriate for settlement by the judicial method. Protracted delay is dangerous. . . . The issue may become one of national pride and sentiment; feeling may be aroused which will make impossible the judicial settlement now practicable." The protest of the administrative committee of the Federal Council of Churches is another answer to the President's effort to throttle the discussion of arbitration. We repeat that the danger remains grave; a Washington news service is about right when it quotes "an authority" as saying bluntly: "We simply are not going to tolerate unfriendly governments south of us, and *that is all there is to it.*" That determination to impose our will upon others makes the late German Kaiser look like a "piker." The fire upon the President must be continued increasingly and, as Senator Frazier and Congressman Huddleston—who has done admirable work—declare, Congress must be kept in session in order to keep us out of war.

WHAT IS BRITISH POLICY in China? The cables are full of pacific speeches, but from the lesser dispatches we assemble the following amazing data: On January 12 there were in the Yangtze River in China 9 British gunboats, 1 sloop, 6 destroyers, and 5 cruisers. Three more cruisers, an aircraft carrier with airplanes, and other British warcraft were in other Chinese waters. In all, there were 62 foreign warships—British, American, French, and Japanese—in the Chinese Yangtze River! On January 19 the British cruisers Frobisher, Delhi, Dragon, and Danae left Malta for China; on January 24 1,000 royal marines sailed from Portsmouth for China on board the Zeeland, and the White Star liner Megantic was in drydock being fitted as a troopship for China; four more battalions of infantry, comprising 140 officers and 3,424 men, and the Fifth Armored Car Company were under orders to sail from England; two

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battalions in Malta were also under orders; two liners had been chartered to sail from India for China; the Durham Light Infantry, the Gloucestershires, and a battalion of Punjab infantry were reported mobilizing; and three companies of "Punjab Indian-British soldiers were dispatched from Hongkong to Shanghai"; on January 24 it was announced that an expeditionary force of 12,000 men, with armored cars, would leave England at once. Actions speak louder than words. The United States has 55 warships, 8,000 blue-jackets, and 800 infantrymen in or close to China. Is there something sinister and secret behind the fine words of the statesmen?

THE REJECTION OF COLONEL FRANK L. SMITH of Illinois at the door of the Senate by a vote of 48 to 33, or, rather, the reference of his case to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, is welcome news. Rarely has there been such deep feeling shown in the Senate, at least by those Senators determined that this controller of public utilities, who accepted huge contributions to his campaign fund from the men he was supposed to control and to judge, should not take his seat among them. The vote is all the more impressive because all of the "lame ducks" voted for Colonel Smith. On his side were Cameron of Arizona, Ernst of Kentucky, Lenroot of Wisconsin, Stanfield of Oregon, Means of Colorado, Pepper of Pennsylvania, and Wadsworth of New York, all of whom have been defeated for another term, and with them voted Gould of Maine, who is under a cloud because he was once found guilty in a Canadian court of bribing a high public official. We do not deny that the issue was a difficult one. Senator Borah, for instance, voted for the swearing in of Colonel Smith, not because he wished him to take his seat, but because he thought that the wiser way to achieve his ousting. Had the question not been complicated by this doubt as to what was the constitutional procedure, the vote would have been overwhelming against Colonel Smith. As it is, there are sixteen precedents for this action of the Senate in refusing to swear in a Senator whose election has been protested, the precedents beginning in 1849 and ending in 1865. The difference lies in the fact that in these sixteen cases the question was whether the election was legal, or the applicant was eligible for reasons clearly specified by the Constitution, or because of doubts as to the contestant's loyalty aroused by the Civil War.

IN DECIDING THAT COLONEL SMITH cannot take his seat—and that is what the vote comes to—the Senate has indubitably gone further than ever before in passing upon the qualifications of Senators. From the moral point of view it is a wholesome decision, and the deep feeling displayed shows that the recent scandals have had a good effect upon the spirit and tone of the Senate. But when Senator Smith comes back in March to take the seat to which he will then be entitled by reason of the decision of the electorate of Illinois after it was aware of all the facts in the case, the situation will be more difficult and more serious. Then the Senate will refuse to accept a man deliberately chosen by the voters of a great State—now he is merely a gubernatorial appointee. If he does not resign it would appear that Illinois will be deprived of her constitutional representation by two Senators for an indefinite period, and the same will be true of Pennsylvania when Vare is similarly spurned. This raises the question of States' rights and that will be harped upon in many directions, though as yet there are few protests in the South where the States' rights doctrine has so long held sway. No one can doubt that the Senate has the right to set any standards that it sees fit. It alone is judge of the qualifications of those who are elected to it; that the Constitution specified. If it should decide to reject a Senator because he had one blue and one brown eye there could be no appeal, for neither the Executive nor the Judiciary could intervene. But as we have said, quite aside from the legal and constitutional factors we have much to be thankful for that the Senate has made it clear that so far as lies in its power it is going to prevent men coming into its fellowship who have bought their seats by enormous campaign expenditures.

ALONG WITH MR. KELLOGG'S embarrassment over the repudiation of his Nicaragua-Mexican policy by public opinion in the United States comes another disaster to the State Department's prestige, possibly a direct consequence of our invasion of Nicaragua and our insolence toward Mexico. Previous to our latest attempt at bossing Latin America the Secretary of State had proposed as a way out of the Tacna-Arica trouble that Chile and Peru both abandon their claims and allow Bolivia to buy the territory in dispute. Chile had accepted the proposal in principle and Bolivia was more than ready to carry out its part. But since our invasion of Nicaragua Peru has declined to accede to the scheme. Of course it might have taken that course anyhow, but it was certain to do so after an exhibition on our part which has stirred public feeling all over South and Central America, more deeply, probably, than any of our previous adventures in imperialism. Indeed it is not too much to say that Pan-Americanism, as once conceived, is dead. In so far as such an ideal is developed henceforth it is likely to be a moral and material coalition of the republics of Latin America against the aggression of the United States.

ENTIRELY GRATIFYING IS THE ACTION of the liberal Jewish women of the United States, speaking through the National Federation of Temple Sisterhoods in their convention at Cleveland, on January 20, in urging the compulsory arbitration of international disputes, the abolition of poison gas in warfare, American cooperation in world disarmament, and the abolition of compulsory military training in all land-grant colleges. In addition, the convention favored the World Court and demanded arbitration in the present disputes between the United States and Mexico. That is really magnificent. Especially strong is the resolution relating to military training in the schools which, as reported by the New York *Times*, reads in part:

> Such training stresses war psychology in the minds of our youth. The War Department is thus given unprecedented influence in our civil and educational institutions. Such a training runs counter to the movement to substitute law for war. The Sisterhood's recommendation is that the compulsory feature of military training be eliminated in all land-grant colleges.

The establishment of the principle of compulsory arbitration of all international disputes is an essential step, the Sisterhood correctly holds, to the outlawry of war. So powerful is this organization that its outspokenness is bound to have an effect upon the politicians. It confirms us in our belief that if the facts as to military training in schools and colleges can be laid before the American people, the people

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hemselves will demand its abolition. Why should Americans stand for training in arms of boys? The Prussians ever resorted to it, if only because they were convinced that he military training of the physically immature is of no alue whatever in the creation of soldiers.

SIX FORMER PASSAIC STRIKERS on January 19 entered pleas of "non vult"—substantially admissions of guilt—to a charge of "throwing explosives with intent to injure property"—thereby admitting a crime against masses of their fellow-workers more serious than the futile explosions in Clifton, N. J., which led to the indictments. It is no excuse to say that they were foreigners, living under a sense of brutal police oppression, and saw no other way out; it is no palliation to say that they were held in extravagantly high bail, or that they were tortured into signing confessions in a language they did not understand. Nor do the affidavits of company spies, paid by the mills, that they had discussed bombing as a means of discrediting the strike excuse them. The fact that they did use this peculiarly detested form of violence against the property of strikebreakers will be used against workers everywhere, bolstering up false charges in scores of coming strikes. One may understand these men, setting their action against the black background of mill and police violence in Passaic; one cannot excuse it. Union men cannot afford to tolerate violence in their own ranks: it always strikes first at petty individuals, leaves the real enemies unscathed, and reacts against the whole battle-line of labor.

WITH THE PERSISTENCE OF THEIR KIND the fundamentalist opponents of the theory of evolution are continuing their agitation for restrictive laws, and the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Tennessee in upholding the constitutionality of the anti-evolution law of that State will doubtless stimulate them to new efforts. In Kentucky as well as in Tennessee the law is already upon the statute-books, and, according to an informing pamphlet just issued by the Civil Liberties Union, campaigns have been started in South Carolina, Washington, Oregon, Kansas, Florida, Virginia, and California, while the bill drawn up in Arkansas in December is now ready to be put before the State Senate. To be sure, the efforts of the liberal forces are not always unavailing. In 1926 a referendum to the voters in Oklahoma sustained the State Legislature in its repeal of an anti-evolution bill previously passed, and the year before bills were defeated in North Carolina and Georgia. This year West Virginia has downed an anti-evolution bill. But the "Bible Crusaders" and "Bryan Leaguers" are not easily discouraged, and only organized opposition like that of the Civil Liberties Union can either defeat them or keep them defeated.

"BUTTON YOUR GALOSHES!" is the latest command of the censor. The Town Marshal of Salem, Indiana, has issued such an order to the flappers of the town and their flapping footgear. Unbuttoned arctics are a nuisance, he says, and while he remains in office will be kept neatly fastened. We must now ask of the censor what we shall drink, what we shall read, what plays we shall see, how long our bathing suits must be, and in some places how much of arm or leg may be visible when we appear in public. Censorship and the movement for it are progressing surely and not too slowly. The so-called "art" magazines have been ordered off the news-stands in New York, Yonkers, Chicago; the head of the Vice Society is urging the abolition of the New York play jury on the ground of its inadequacy; nude pictures have been removed from the walls of a Chicago picture gallery. All these restrictions, of course, are to protect the public; but has censorship ever protected anybody from anything to which he wished to expose himself? The Town Marshal of Salem introduces a new note. He dislikes unbuttoned galoshes and he uses his power to abolish them. This is a frank and refreshing revelation of the nature of censorship.

ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED people attended the dinner and one thousand were turned away for lack of seating capacity—this tribute to Jane Addams in Chicago on January 20 ought to give pause to the small minds of the American Legion and other organizations which have been seeking to bait this noble woman. No finer cross-section of American life has ever been brought together on such an occasion, nor have more heartfelt or better-earned tributes ever been paid to an American man or woman. "First citizen, not only of Chicago but of the American republic," they called her. We are especially pleased with the tribute of Governor "Al" Smith of New York. We give it in full:

> May I be permitted to share in the tribute to Jane Addams, for she belongs not only to Chicago but to the nation and the world. No American woman has contributed so much to awaken our social conscience. She has been a statesman of society, cooperating with public officials to have government an instrument to serve humanity. In her inspiring life, in her writings, and in the movements Jane Addams has typified lies the spirit of true democracy, which recognizes the potential worth of every human soul without regard to his race, creed, or origin. In honoring Jane Addams we honor the idealism of American womanhood.

EDWARD P. MITCHELL, LEE KOHNS, JAMES FORD RHODES—the death list for the week ended January 22 was a long one. In Mr. Kohns the city of New York lost one of the best of its citizens, who took his civic responsibilities seriously, kept an open mind, and always had time for public causes. No city could ask for more intelligent or more loyal service. Especially devoted to the College of the City of New York, of which he was for twenty-seven years a trustee, he capped his generosity by endowing last fall a professorship of American History, Civilization, and Letters at the Sorbonne in Paris—an act of international friendship deserving of the highest praise. Edward P. Mitchell was for a full half century connected with the New York *Sun*, and was its guiding spirit after the death of Charles A. Dana. During part of this period it was the most brilliantly edited and written newspaper in America. Yet it left no deep mark upon our journalistic life or our political progress since it was without principle, cynical to a degree, and more interested in poking fun, ridiculing, and satirizing than in pointing out a better way. And at times the *Sun*, less so under Mr. Mitchell than Mr. Dana, was incredibly brutal and unfair. Its viewpoint was too often narrow, and its vision limited; but Mr. Mitchell had a host of devoted friends and wielded a great personal and political influence. In James Ford Rhodes *The Nation* has lost a warm friend, the country a great historian. To his career we shall return on another occasion.

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The Monroe Doctrine and the Coolidge Doctrine

THE powerful uprising of popular feeling against the threat of war with Mexico has, for the present at least, compelled the Administration to modify its tone, and arbitration of the outstanding differences seems likely. The marines, however, remain in Nicaragua; and public relief at the removal of the imminent threat of war seems to have obscured the fact that we are continuing to commit the crime of military interference with that small republic.

Despite the contradictory excuses offered by the Administration, certain facts stand uncontested. No American or other foreign property had been injured by the revolutionaries when we landed our marines; no American or other foreign lives had been lost. There was no threat of foreign intervention; at most the British and Italian representatives at Managua asked the American marines to give the property of their nationals the same special protection which was contemplated for Americans. There had been, we repeat, *no damage to foreign lives or property*; only that threat of damage which any revolution must cause. How does this relate to the Monroe Doctrine whose name the Presidential Spokesman uses so recklessly?

James Monroe was a cautious soul, fearful of political entanglements in either hemisphere. It was only when there seemed a real possibility that Bourbon France would form an offensive alliance with Spain to recover the old Spanish colonies, then young republics, in South and Central America, that President Monroe took action. And the momentous words in which he enunciated a century ago what has come to be known as the Monroe Doctrine sound strangely mild today when a score of battleships patrol the coast of Nicaragua and United States marines guard the capital.

> The American continents [said Mr. Monroe], by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers. . . . We should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

Yet Mr. Coolidge explains that the Monroe Doctrine required us to intervene in Nicaragua. Piffle! Mr. Coolidge does not know what the Monroe Doctrine is.

The Monroe Doctrine, to be sure, has undergone certain sea changes in the course of a century; but never before has it been stretched so far from its original shape. President Polk, in the forties, suggested that the doctrine might require the United States to occupy territory of the Southern republics to prevent the introduction of the European system; President Grant, in the eighties, announced that the doctrine did not permit transfer of American territory from one European nation to another—but neither he nor Polk carried his new principles into practice. Mr. Blaine, as Secretary of State in the eighties, sought to extend the doctrine to the assertion of the exclusive right of the United States to umpire in all disputes between other American Powers, or between those Powers and Europe—a right which, one need hardly add, is admitted neither in Europe nor in Latin America, although it has become increasingly a habit. (The fiasco of Mr. Coolidge's "mediation" between Peru and Chile may put an end even to the habit.)

Theodore Roosevelt made the most striking additions to the Monroe Doctrine—but though he made the phrases "dollar diplomacy" and "big stick" current he never went so far as Calvin Coolidge. While he suggested that we might have to act as an international policeman in flagrant cases of wrongdoing by a Latin nation, he also said:

> If a republic to the south of us commits a tort against a foreign nation, then the Monroe Doctrine does not force us to interfere to prevent punishment of the tort, save to see that the punishment does not assume the form of territorial occupation in any shape.

And Roosevelt declared that

> It has long been the established policy of the United States not to use its armed forces for the collection of ordinary contract debts due to its citizens by other governments. We have not considered the use of force for such a purpose consistent with that respect for the independent sovereignty of other members of the family of nations, which is the most important principle of international law and the chief protection of weak nations against the oppression of the strong. It seems to us that the practice is injurious in its general effect upon the welfare of weak and disordered states, whose development ought to be encouraged in the interests of civilization; that it offers frequent temptation to bullying and oppression and to unnecessary and unjustifiable warfare.

Two short decades later, we have moved so far that a President of the United States justifies the use of military force not merely to enforce payment of contract debts but to ward off a threat of possible danger to property, and even suggests that we must use our troops to prevent a possible inflation of the currency!

A billion and a quarter dollars, the Department of Commerce says, is the rough total of American investments in foreign capital securities in 1926. Never in history has one nation poured forth so much money in a single year. Nor is this all: when Belgium, Italy, Hungary, Bulgaria, Honduras, Costa Rica, or Salvador, the Hugo Stinnes Corporation, the Swedish International Match Company, the Trinidad Oil Fields, the Chile Copper Company, or the South Porto Rico Sugar Company floats a loan in New York—as all of these, and many others, did in the last quarter of 1926—the fact is publicly noted; but when an American oil or copper company invests more money in its own estates in Chile or Mexico no public record is made. We are aware how loans from government to government have embittered our relations with Europe; most of us admit that without the loans from banks to Central American governments our increasing tendency to dictate in the Caribbean would at least have been more restrained. Whither are we bound?

The Coolidge message excusing intervention in Nicaragua made no distinctions of size and geography. Americans have just lent $1,500,000 to the Housing and Realty and Improvement Company of Germany and $2,500,000 to the German Protestant Church welfare institutions. Logically the Coolidge doctrine would justify us in landing marines, in case of another German civil war, to defend the houses and hospitals in which Americans have invested their cash. It sounds ridiculous, but it is no more absurd today than Mr. Coolidge's present doctrine would have seemed in the days of President Monroe.

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Merging 12,000 Miles of Railway

THE whirligig of time has played no more remarkable trick in our recent political and economic history than in bringing to the fore a proposal for the reunion of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railroads. The dissolution of the union of these two roads and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy constituted one of the great triumphs of Theodore Roosevelt. He wrote in August, 1904:

> The Northern Securities suit is one of the great achievements of my Administration. I look back upon it with great pride, for through it we emphasized in a signal fashion, as in no other way could be emphasized, the fact that the most powerful men in this country could be held to accountability before the law.

More important still was the principle laid down that competition should be kept alive in the railroad field; for that purpose the Anti-Trust Act of 1890 was invoked.

The Anti-Trust Act still stands, but as a result of our experience during the war the policy of this country toward its railroads has been reversed. Incredible as it seems, there is a law permitting the merger of railroads, and it under this that the Northern Pacific and Great Northern are now applying for permission to do in 1927 what they were prevented from doing in 1904, when those who proposed it were denounced by Roosevelt as "malefactors of great wealth." In 1904 the proposal was to hold the three railroads through the Northern Securities Company, a company specially formed for that purpose. Today the plan is to have a single operating carrier which shall operate the Great Northern and Northern Pacific and the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway. The Burlington is to be operated separately for the present, but the statement given out in regard to its status shows that there is to be one ownership, since 97 per cent of the Burlington stock will be vested in the new company. Thus more than 12,000 miles of railroad will be brought together if the Interstate Commerce Commission approves, and competition will entirely cease in the great Northwest. It is pointed out by the proponents of the plan that "such unified operations will afford exceptional opportunities for improved service and for substantial economies promising to improve the aggregate net earnings of the railroads in the Northwestern region, which has made the poorest showing of any rate region in the country." All of which does not alter the fact that it was precisely this proposal which so stirred not only Mr. Roosevelt and his Administration, but the country as a whole. What, destroy competition and create a railroad monopoly in the Northwest? Fifteen years ago the mere proposal would have roused the farmers to fury.

The proposal for these mergers is camouflaged as "regional groupings," and the pretense is maintained by Mr. Coolidge and others that there will still be competition, possibly by one region against another. If this merger goes through it means, in our judgment, another step toward the inevitable government ownership of railroads. The war showed that in time of stress that ownership was essential. We do not propose here to go into the question again as to whether the Government ran the roads well or badly. The point is that there was a necessity for moving quickly large quantities of freight and men, and the advantage of controlling the whole railway system from Washington was so obvious that no one questioned the advisability. Were war to come again the same step would be taken immediately, even with the assent of those who believe that the roads were turned back to their private owners in bad condition. We are unable to understand why this should be done only in a war emergency. If there are unquestioned benefits to be had from a union of all the railroads in war time, there must be at least some benefits in peace time. Why not let the country, shippers and passengers, profit by the economies of administration from complete union and joint operation, as the railroad presidents insist will be the case if the new Northwest merger is permitted? Is it not true that if there are economies and greater profits, and perhaps lower rates, to be obtained by the merger of these three Northwestern roads, still greater economies could be obtained by merging all the railroads?

We are aware, of course, that this is treason, precisely as the Northern Securities Merger of 1904 was akin to treason. But facts are facts, and no sane man can deny that if, as a result of the merger, the farmers and the merchants of the Northwest feel that they are in the grip of a selfish monopoly—that the stockholders are getting all the benefits of the merger—there will be an overwhelming demand that the government itself take over these railroads. If government consent is given to the merger, the lines will never again be unscrambled. It is a sign of the times that Governor Smith of New York has just declared in his annual message that the public gets nothing out of Interstate Commerce Commission control except "long drawn-out battles in which experts disagree over capital accounts." The prostitution of that commission by President Coolidge's recent appointments is another very large nail in its coffin. Regulation of the railroads will inevitably give way to national ownership.

The Last Serfs

CONUNDRUM: When is a strike not a strike? **Answer:** When it is on shipboard.

A stray item in the newspapers lately is a reminder that almost the only part of the modern world that is free from strikes is the sea. For on shipboard a strike is not a strike but mutiny. When the American steamship Colombia of the Panama Mail Line arrived in New York recently from San Francisco it was learned that just before the vessel reached the Canal three Filipino stewards refused to do work assigned to them because they said it was duty usually performed by seamen. They were put in irons, upon which twenty-eight other stewards knocked off work and endangered the safety and lives of the passengers to the extent that the latter had to make their own beds. The next day the three stewards had a change of heart, were released, and returned to work, but the twenty-eight were arrested at Panama, taken ashore, and held for trial, charged with mutiny on the high seas, an offense that under American law is punishable by as much as five years in prison and a fine of $1,000.

To characterize by so serious a word as mutiny an act that led to no greater catastrophe than necessitating passengers to make their own beds seems obviously excessive, yet many would hesitate to demand the right to strike at any time on shipboard, partly because of the peculiar relation of a crew to its ship. But whatever the argument may be for carrying over the crime of mutiny, with its historically severe punishments, into an age of short voyages, radio

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communication, and ships in which nine out of ten employees have nothing to do with the vessel's safety, there is no such justification for the survival of a medieval system whereby a sailor is chained to his job and practically deprived of his wages until—and unless—he finishes his term of employment. Except for the modifications worked by the La Follette act, the sailors of the world are bondsmen in a civilization in which other labor—in theory, at least—has become free. They are the last serfs surviving into the twentieth century.

Up to 1915 the general law of the world was that when a ship left the country of her ownership she signed a crew that agreed to work aboard until she returned to a home port or until a stated period of time—usually about three years—was up. During this period a sailor's wages were withheld, with the exception of one month's advance pay—usually signed away to a crimp as a shipping fee—and such small sums as it pleased the captain to dole out in foreign ports or to account for against clothing, tobacco, and the like received from the ship's slop chest. A sailor who left a ship before his time was up was guilty of the crime of desertion; he could be forcibly brought back aboard and punished with a term in jail besides—although he rarely was. If he made good his escape he forfeited all his accrued wages. The amount of wages lost by sailors in this way has always been huge. Most sailors are rolling stones and after a hard voyage feel an urge to try life ashore in a foreign port—for a while. In favorite ports desertions may amount to 25 per cent of the incoming crews. Where other crews are obtainable, desertions are often stimulated by captains as a means of saving wages.

A breach was made in this system in 1915 by our Congress, in the La Follette act, which provides that a sailor in an American ship may demand one-half of his accrued pay in any port, at home or abroad, while a sailor in a foreign ship has the same right in a port of the United States. The act also abolishes the crime of desertion in American ships or in foreign vessels when in our ports. It was intended to be not merely domestic but international in its effect. It is only the beginning of the end of serfdom for the world's sailors, a moderate measure from the standpoint of the freedom acquired by labor ashore, but it is still opposed by many ship-owners in this country, and an effort is afoot to undermine it at the present session of Congress. There is also a tendency to make it the scapegoat for the recent slump in shipping, although low tide in that regard was reached years before the La Follette act. Silas B. Axtell, counsel for the International Seamen's Union, thinks that body must take an active, constructive part in the rehabilitation of American shipping in order to refute the charge that legislation for the benefit of seamen has killed our ocean commerce. Sea power, says Andrew Furuseth, president of the union, is in men, not in ships; the latter are but tools.

It is this view which the American people should impress upon their business men and legislators. No shipping policy which does not produce a great breed of men upon the sea is worth while. If sailors are generally thriftless and improvident—and they are—it is because they have not had the control over their money which develops contrary traits. If they too often quit their ships, it is a reaction against the harsh and outmoded terms of their employment. Better morale and higher ability will come when conditions at sea appeal to men possessed of those qualities.

Vegetarian Dogs

THE late W. H. Hudson, who got a great deal of attentio whenever he wrote about animals, recorded in one o his books that a considerable portion of his popularity de parted when he wrote an article calling dogs "scavengers." Hudson liked dogs, or rather he liked particular dogs, a any reader of the South American books and of "A Shep herd's Life" must know; but this did not prevent him fron saying that he found their habits disgusting. They pre ferred carrion to caviare, they buried good food until i should become bad, they dug up refuse out of foul places their famous noses had been perfected by nature for th sake of an unlovely search, and they slunk away from th scene of this search with something like the attitude o hyenas. Hence their moral qualities, such as they were o were not. Thus Hudson declared himself, and thus he go the sort of attention he cared nothing about—the attentio of dog-lovers. There was no comfort for these readers i the fact that Hudson had credited their favorite anima with having taken on a remarkable amount of polish durin the centuries.

Whether dogs, like men, will ever become fundament different from what they once were and now are is a que tion which men answer in diverse ways. What dogs thin about themselves is unfortunately unknown. It is unknow for instance, whether they have a doctrine of canine pe fectibility under whose light they look forward to an er when garbage will have been forgotten by every member o the race calling himself or herself civilized. But a situatio has arisen in India which may force a declaration of opin ion. According to a dispatch received by the New Yor *World*, Shet Arjunlal, millionaire of Boroda, has founded dog city, called Kutta Nagar, wherein he will attemp henceforth to lead dogs in the way he thinks they shou and can go. His chief criticism of them at present is tha they eat meat, dead or alive, and of course in the latter cas have to kill other creatures in order to do so. So he ha inclosed 300 acres within a fence that ingenuity can g neither over nor under, has paved the inclosure with con crete, so that there will be no rats or mice, and has put hi charges on a strictly vegetable diet—milk being the onl animal product available to them. The puppies are treate to "wheat flour fried in butter and slightly sweetened wit sugar, with a dash of salt." Adults get "pancakes made o whole wheat flour, with a dash of curry made of vegetable and flavored with salt and pepper." The sick and the con valescent are let off with a special dish consisting of "al monds fried in clarified butter and sweetened with honey. For millions of years dogs have cleaned their teeth on th bones they gnawed; now in Kutta Nagar the operation wi be performed by the human attendants who administer th morning bath. There will be no fleas if Shet Arjunlal ca help it, and there will be the strictest moral virtue amon the members of the colony. The sexes will be segregate until marriage time, after which monogamy will be th word and the law.

The result of these measures should be awaited anx iously by reformers everywhere. If the dogs die or go mad that may mean something. If they live and continue to loo like dogs, and appear happy, that will mean something toc To mere lovers of dogs, however, the whole experiment wil mean little. Dogs to them are dogs.

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The Urge Toward Empire

By WILLIAM HARD

Washington, January 24

WHAT is the psychological anatomy of the thing we call "imperialism"?

I observe in Washington that it would continue to exist even if no such persons as New York bankers or oil magnates were in being.

I hold it thoroughly inadequate to think that "imperialism" is forced upon the State Department and the United States by the machinations and pressures of wicked "interests." I hold it more reasonable to believe that the average American is naturally "imperialistic" and that, when he finds himself in the State Department, he just naturally acts "imperialistically."

Secretary of State Bryan owed nothing to any New York bankers or oil magnates. He had no political or commercial commitments impelling him toward the use of force against weaker countries. Yet he was thoroughly prepared use force against Mexico and he laid the train of policy which necessarily exploded into the use of force in Haiti and in Santo Domingo.

For years I have watched my "imperialistic" friends in the State Department. They are not acting as the conscious tools of "interests." They are perfectly honest. They are perfectly patriotic. They would not for anything have the United States do wrong in order to help a mahogany company. The idea that they would arouses my indignation. I know them, and I know they would not. It also incidentally arouses sincere indignation in their breasts when I call them "imperialistic." They do not think they are.

Few of them have any relationships worth mentioning with the industrial or commercial or financial world. Those who are well-to-do are living on inherited or married money, quite aloof from all contemporary business struggles. Those who are poor are living honorably in their poverty, with their eyes fixed on a great glory—the glory of "the career." Any secretary of state would get about one hundred resignations tomorrow morning from our diplomats of "career" if he tried to make them follow a policy which they thought was a surrender of the interests of the United States to the "interests" of business.

Why then are they what the editors of *The Nation* call, and what I call, "imperialistic"?

I claim that it is for the same reason that, under President Polk, led Northern lads from the free States to volunteer in swarms to go and fight the Mexicans, although it was well known that the immediate result of the fighting would be the adding of more slave territory to the Union. It was against the interests of the North to fight that war. Yet the volunteers from the North were aboundingly plentiful.

Let me then state what I have observed in the psychology of our "imperialistic" diplomats; and then let me ask the editors of *The Nation* how in the world they are going to uproot the roots of that psychology.

The first characteristic in it is an extreme "consciousness of kind" and an extreme "consciousness of difference." "We" are Americans. "They" are something else—something else that is very, very different. "You can't treat Nicaraguans the way you could treat Americans." I have heard that remark until it requires all of what self-control I have to get home without kicking the roof off the car.

These people—and they are most of us—do not start with saying: "All of us inhabitants of this planet are first of all human beings. Then, afterwards, we have split off into being Americans and Nicaraguans." No! They do not start with thinking of our points of equality. They start with thinking of our points of difference.

It is the start of our thinking that determines the ultimate outcome of our actions. What is the instant result?

It is to despise the people from whom we feel ourselves to be so different. If Americans and Nicaraguans are so different, one side must be "higher" and the other side must be "lower." That is not necessary in logic; but it is necessary in human nature. Start once with the idea that you are more different from a Nicaraguan than you are like him, and you will inevitably find yourself saying: "One of us must be the higher. The other must be the lower." Well, then, which is the higher? Why, naturally, inevitably, *I, we.*

Take then a man who thinks himself necessarily "different" from a Nicaraguan and necessarily "higher" than a Nicaraguan and put him into the State Department. In other words, take almost any man in the United States and put him into the State Department. What will he do when some "low" Nicaraguan general seems likely to interfere in Nicaragua with the welfare of some "high" American?

Does any New York banker have to telegraph him? Does any sinister influence have to worm itself into an invitation to his dinner-table? Does the President have to call him in and talk politics to him? Not at all.

The American business men who have wanted our marines in Nicaragua at this moment are not worth the political powder to blow them out of their little counting-rooms. Our largest business interests have been extremely skeptical of our intervention in Nicaragua. Yet we intervened. We intervened—how shall I express it? We intervened by automatic psychological momentum.

We are different. We have ideals. They are different. They have no ideals. One of our fellows is in danger. We must rush to rescue him. It makes no difference who he is. He is lofty. They are degraded. Send the marines. We have them. We have the power. This gives a duty. Duty!

First, difference. Second, loftiness compared with degradedness. Third, duty. (That is the final and most frenzied step in the process.)

We have a duty to diminish the degradedness of the Nicaraguans. We have a duty to make them be peaceful. We have a duty to make them be better.

This is our moral compensation to ourselves for our original sin of despising fellow human beings.

Starting with a perfectly sincere under-emphasis on humanity, we end up with a perfectly sincere over-emphasis on humanitarianism. And we sincerely send the marines, to safeguard the exalted and to elevate the lowly!

Destroy every banking firm in New York. Destroy every oil company in the whole country. The psychology which I have here described will still drive us toward empire—and toward the ruin which always follows empire.

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The Last Empress of Mexico

By ERNEST H. GRUENING

IT was Charlotte who dreamed of empire. Franz Josef's jealousy and court intrigues had removed Maximilian from the governor-generalcy of Lombardo-Venezia. He had been personally popular, but not *strong* enough to satisfy the Vienna militarists. He retired to Miramar, his castle across the bay from Trieste.

"Max is planning," Charlotte wrote a friend, "to place a fountain on the terrace, to build at the garden's edge a Moorish kiosk, furnished in Oriental style." He also contemplated a winter aviary filled with exotic birds. Charlotte had exacted a daily mass, and for it a chapel was designed so that even the servants could hear—from the vestibule. Such was life by the blue Adriatic. It began as an idyl. It became monotonous. A long Mediterranean journey duly reported through a series of detailed *Reisebilder* to the royal relatives at Windsor, Schönbrunn, and Laeken relieved the tedium but little.

Then Napoleonic intrigues; scheming of Mexican expatriates; Maximilian's availability warmly urged by Eugénie. His noble and sincere gesture of refusal "unless the entire nation, freely expressing its will, ratifies your demand." The Mexican Conservatives produced certified lists to show that 6,445,564 Mexicans of a total population of some eight million had voted to call Maximilian of Austria to a new imperial throne. He credited this fraud. Charlotte had always been for acceptance. Victoria of England counseled against it. Queen Marie-Amélie of France, Charlotte's grandmother, strongly opposed it. "It will be an occupation for Max, a diversion for me," retorted her favorite grandchild. Moreover, under the existing Austro-Hungarian constitution, Maxchen, were he to live to be eighty, could never be other than a private citizen, always the second in a realm where being first alone counted. Her father, Leopold I, of Belgium, agreed. The archduke's income, he pointed out, was insufficient to meet the needs and dignity of that station. Only when Franz Josef and the other Hapsburgs asked Maximilian to sign away all his archducal rights to patrimony and succession did the young couple protest violently and hesitate.

Napoleon III, learning of these vacillations, wrote sharply: "the assurances given in Mexico, the pledge to the subscribers to the loan . . . bind your Imperial Highness. . . . No, it is impossible that you renounce going to Mexico . . . the interests of your family demand it . . . for the honor of the House of Hapsburg is involved." What was really involved was 270,000,000 pesos, to pay which the unfortunate archduke's agreement with the French Emperor mortgaged in advanced the bankrupt Mexican treasury. Even around the Tuileries the court gossips referred to *l'archdupe*. In vain did Marie-Amélie, Cassandra-like, cry "they will assassinate them."

In the palace at Schönbrunn there was a terrible family quarrel, harsh recriminations, sneers, expressions hardly noble. Maximilian said to Charlotte: "Let's get out of all this."

The night Maximilian's signature to the family compact and his severing of the tie that bound him officially to the Old World became known, the Empress-to-be presided, radiant, over a great banquet at Miramar. But her consor requiring a physician, lay in the *Gartenhaus*, to which th breeze wafted the music and tinkle of glasses. When nex morning Charlotte hurried to give him, with her ow hands, a congratulatory dispatch from Napoleon, he brushe it aside with "I tell you I do not want to hear of Mexico. The day following he refused to receive delegations com to felicitate him. As the Austrian frigate Novara, pe nanted from stem to stern, weighed anchor amid the hu zahs of multitudes, Maximilian sat in his cabin, his fac buried in his hands, weeping.

But after the Papal blessing was received at Rom the party turned gay and lighthearted. He was thirty two; she, twenty-four. The grave problems which the ne monarch would face were brushed aside. Maximilian hin self designed a new decoration for prominent Mexican precedence, titles, uniforms, court organization, ceremonies were enthusiastically discussed.

From the fever-laden sandhills of straggling Ve Cruz blew the first breath of disillusion. So indifferer were the inhabitants that even the buoyant Empress—Ca lota now—could not hold back her tears. Up to the platea in rattling coaches pulled by mules straining under th *arrieros'* cracking whips, over roads that were often to rent-beds, the imperial cortège, with its five hundred trunk struggled. At Cordova but one dingy room was prepare for the imperial guests, while their suite slept in coaches c in hallways.

But in the capital the splendor of the old viceregal day and of Emperor Iturbide shone forth. Arches of trium blazoned "Eterna Gratitud à Napoleon III" and "Viv Nuestro Emperador." Moreover, there was a genuine ou pouring of affection, of native cordiality for the gallan young couple and above all for the lovely little Empres whose beauty and vivacity, whose regal bearing an democratic manner captivated every heart.

With all his weaknesses, Maximilian was at heart liberal. Despite the constraint of rank and environmer which hedged his mentality his was truly a nobility c soul. To his new and unknown country he brought a sent mental love for the oppressed, a modern disbelief in al solutism that boded an early clash with his supporter Carlota shared these qualities; in addition she had fir determination, and persistence.

"The arrival of the Nuncio," she wrote her gran mother, "is an important event in the settling of ecclesiast cal matters. I hope that thanks to us this country wi become healthily Catholic, at the same time as liberal, for was neither one nor the other. To have survived the scan dals of the clergy, our holy religion must indeed be c divine origin, though it would soon have disappeare without the reforms we shall undertake."

But the Mexican hierarchy was more influential wit the Papal envoy than were the imperial couple. He was ol durate for the return of ecclesiastical properties disamo tized eight years previously, inflexible for rescinding th religious tolerance promulgated by Juarez. Maximilia turned over the hopeless task of convincing Mgr. Megli

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o Carlota. She was no more successful. The clericals were o become militantly hostile.

It was the intrepid Carlota who, during one of the mperor's brief absences from the capital, legislated to lleviate the terrible abuses of the Indian peons on the aciendas. But she succeeded only in enraging the land-wning class, while the reforms, like so many others hroughout Mexican history, remained scraps of paper.

Finally, Bazaine, the French commander, persuaded the mperor, much against his will, to sign a decree outlawing hose who fought in arms against his government and ubjecting them, upon capture, to execution as bandits.

With his only supporters, the clergy, thus alienated or reasons wholly creditable to him, and the opposition teeled to the utmost through the ill-advised ruthlessness f the French military, who were soon to be withdrawn, Maximilian was doomed. But when he considered abdica-ion, the Empress opposed it passionately. She was etermined to carry out her dream of empire with him.

Poor Carlota! She had already lost him. It was in the nchanted Borda Gardens at Cuernavaca, where the Morelos Valley lies in tropical warmth below the snowy volcanoes, amid the deep scent of jasmine, hyacinth, and heliotrope, that she lost him—to the gardener's daughter—lost him to the Indian loveliness that had conquered the conquerors. His absences from the capital became more and more frequent. From then on her feverish activities, her immersion in charitable works, her journey to Paris and Rome vainly to implore aid were a desperate effort to escape from her own burning unhappiness.

It is doubtful whether she ever fully grasped Maximilian's death. Despite widespread belief to the contrary, her derangement had begun before she left Mexico. In an Empress much may pass for caprice. Only when she openly conjured up Napoleon's poisoners as on her trail and refused to leave the safety of the Vatican did the world learn of her madness. Within a few months it had shrouded her bright spirit like a pall. For sixty years she lived—until January 19, 1927—in her native Belgium, "dans les tenèbres." How much she really knew, what fancies of hope, resignation, or despair passed through that clouded mind, will forever be a mystery.

The League of Nations: A Misprint in History

By HENRY NOEL BRAILSFORD

I

SIX years ago I found myself, at the height of the Russo-Polish War, in the border town of Minsk. Its tarving citizens were watching the last relics of food anishing from its shops. In the Christian villages the easants lay prostrate, counting the horses and cattle which ne retreating Poles had carried off. The Jewish villages ere heaps of timber, which smoldered to the accompani-ent of an incessant wail. Under my windows, along the obbled street, there flowed two streams of peasant carts, rawn by diminutive ponies. One stream carried shells to he Russian front, and the other brought back the sick nd wounded of the Red Army.

A young staff officer read out for me the news which ad been picked up that evening from the West by radio. This morning," ran one item, "the first assembly of the eague of Nations met in Geneva." What was it, this eague? I tried to picture Geneva to the mind's eye. But ne cart-wheels went on jumbling their munitions over the obble-stones, and in my nostrils there was the sickening nell of charred humanity and smoldering wool. Wilsonian hrases ran in my ears; they would not blend with the ndscape around me.

I have often wished that some realist could carry the gislators of Geneva on a Candide's pilgrimage round their orld. For the scenes at Minsk have been repeated in any corners of our earth since the creation of the League. myrna has gone up in smoke; the heavens have rained eir fiery mercies on the villages of the Riff; by the light the flames of Damascus one might see the French engi-eers diverting its rivers until the fruit-trees withered its legendary gardens; the hum of airplanes in the sky as punctuated the phrases of a British ultimatum over airo; and as China entered the League's Council, British unboats fired their salvo of welcome at the city of Wan-sien. The League has become the European goddess. By pacts and treaties of arbitration her ritual is celebrated from Vistula to Thames, but for Nile and Yangtze there are other gods and other rites. There seems to have revived in the atmosphere of Geneva something of the old sentiment about a European family, but it practices its exclusions as well as its intimacies. It is gradually evolving its intricate system of Locarno documents, complicated by an almost bewildering system of promises to arbitrate. The lower grade of peoples stands outside these family relationships. With them one does not conclude pacts; one "guarantees their independence."

One may indeed exaggerate the success of this local pacifism in turning the European Continent into an oasis of peace. The garrisons of the victors must still keep watch on the Rhine. The chimneys of Creusot and Skoda smoke busily, and around the chemical factories the air is not perceptibly purer. It is hard to follow with any optimism the news that the League's disarmament committee sits from time to time. No one is so simple that he interprets the treaties of arbitration which Italy negotiates with Albania and Germany as evidences of the devotion of Fascism to peace. Each garrison watches the increase of the other across the frontiers of Italy and France. And indeed we could find no clearer proof of the futility of a technique of peace which is content to cultivate its European garden. For if Italy seems to be enlisting a League of the Dissatisfied in Europe, it is because she cherishes extra-European ambitions. It is for Tunis or Smyrna, for Abyssinia or even for Syria that she seeks to enrol her partisans in the pacified Continent, flirts with Germany as she begins to reconcile herself with France, and disturns the staffs in Paris, whose duty it is to watch the Alpine passes, and guard the sea lines which in time of peril will carry the Negro troops from Africa to Marseilles.

Partly to provision herself with foods and raw mate-

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rials grown under her own flag (or in more realistic language, for the profit of her own middlemen), partly to find a protected sphere for her own capital, but chiefly to secure careers for her surplus population, Italy is determined to expand. She coquets with Germany, whose Nationalists cherish the same ambition; and these things she cannot do without disturbing in the Balkans and elsewhere the balance of power which France had adjusted for her own purposes. No more than in 1914 can peace be established and war banished by a continental system. What Morocco and Bagdad were then, Tunis and Syria are now. Powers which believe that prestige and profit depend on their expansion outside Europe cannot be confined within the bonds of a Locarno pact. The plan of thrusting the lesser peoples outside the mercies and fraternities of this European concert does not work. You may revise your code of morals and decide that war is not war but only killing, when Riffi or Chinese or Syrians serve as targets. You may agree that "independent" Egypt shall not arbitrate with imperial Britain. You may make peace the privilege of an international upper caste, but within that caste itself the disturbing jealousy of imperialism breaks through. Italy wants colonies, and for that contingency there is no provision in all the verbiage of Locarno.

The political pacifism of which the League is the highest expression has its limitations. One may doubt, to begin with, whether every salutary movement toward the reconciliation of France and Germany which the Locarno pact registers had its real origin in a political calculation. Could it have succeeded while the heavy industries of the two countries were living in acute discord? Was it not the reflection in politics of the Iron and Steel Cartel, which was all but concluded before the statesmen ventured to sign its reconciling provisions? When these industries, each dominating the party machines of their respective countries, failed to agree, M. Poincaré invaded the Ruhr; so soon as they agreed, even his relentless memory consented to forget the racial feud.

On the eve of the decisive discussions over disarmament so good a friend to the League as Lord Cecil explained in a speech in London why Great Britain could not reduce her armaments. The army, he said, barely suffices to police the empire. Its geographical distribution and the safety of its communications will always forbid Britain to reduce, even by one unit, the number of her cruisers; she might, perhaps, reduce their tonnage if others would do the same, but that must be her only contribution to the world's disarmament. That speech revealed, as plainly as any hostile diagnosis, the motives of a great Power's armaments. The defense of one's home territories has become the least of the excuses for heavy armaments. It will become steadily less important as the reorganization of Europe proceeds on the models of Locarno and Geneva. It might vanish altogether, if ever the victors could bring themselves to revise the territorial settlement of Versailles, and clear away those racial grievances, which disfigure the map of Europe, like so many finger-posts pointing to the next war.

But even if one can stretch one's mind to this difficult climax of optimism, the imperial and economic reasons for armaments remain. Lord Cecil's enumeration was not complete. It is not solely the risk that communications with India and Australia might be broken which requires Britain to maintain a fleet in the East. There are at this moment fifty-five British naval units in Chinese waters, engaged, in the last analysis, in maintaining against the will of the Chinese nation certain privileges, valued by her traders, but so obnoxious to Chinese pride that force must defend them as force extorted them. Nor is "police work" an accurate description of the army's functions. Gibraltar, Malta, Suez, and Singapore are not the most turbulent spots on our earth's surface. But they may well supply the decisive arguments, if ever England is compelled to debate the question whether British capital shall control the railway development and banking system of India; or whether she shall continue to base her ability to dictate the world price of rubber on her possession of Malaya. And in the same order of thought, it is clear that on the ability to fly over Cairo in bombing-planes depends who shall ration the Nile water and grow cotton from the dry sands of the Sudan.

So long as the decision of such questions depends on the number of a Power's cruisers, on its coaling stations and its air force, an institution like the League of Nations disguises the operation of the real forces which shape the history of mankind. It is what Nevinson called the first Hague Conference, "a misprint in history." Pacifist ideal cannot be reconciled with the ownership or even with exclusive exploitation of territory beyond the motherland. "Police," as Lord Cecil uses the word, is a complete misnomer. These imperial policemen are not the guardians of the common good; they are the defenders of owners' privileges. Sooner or later the glaring incompatibility between these claims of ownership and the new ideals of arbitration and disarmament must become apparent. The world cannot tolerate forever a system which allows force, past or present, to decide the ownership of materials which are the foundation of our daily life. While it hesitates to face this problem of economic imperialism, the League is tolerating the growth of the forces and motives which one day will destroy it, and civilization with it.

II

Is it possible to see the lines of an international solution for these problems? Some of them depend on the mobilization of the world's public opinion. When even one or two of the Great Powers is clean of compromising ambitions, the League's Assembly will gain the courage to speak the fitting word about such matters as the British ultimatum to Egypt or the proceedings of France in Syria. In Great Britain itself there are forces which may one day achieve for India a full dominion status. But for the problem of raw materials one must await the growth of a corporate consciousness vastly stronger than the world has yet developed in times of peace.

There are two suggested solutions, of which one is no solution at all. Mr. Hoover's criticisms of the British rubber monopoly proceeded from the obsolete doctrine of *laissez-faire*. His complaint seemed to be that the British Government had intervened to make the restriction of output effective. He would apparently have felt no objection if the same restriction had come about by the voluntary action of the syndicated producers. One must be very blind to the tendencies of the modern world if in the face of such facts as the formation of the European Iron Cartel one supposes that free competition among the producers can much longer protect the consumer in the world's markets. Even M. Loucheur, commenting on the formation of this cartel, declared, in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, that the

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European governments would have to take concerted action to control it and to regulate its prices. He was thinking solely of the world's need of cheap iron and steel. What may well be argued on that ground becomes an irresistible necessity when one considers the interests of peace. The world certainly needs oil and copper, rubber, iron, wheat, and cotton at stabilized prices which will yield a living wage to the workers who handle them; but no less must it be protected against the allocation by force of the power to control their sources. There is no way of escape, save by the revival on a permanent basis of the international machinery for rationing the distribution of the chief raw materials and foodstuffs, which existed in an effective though rudimentary form during the war. Given this assurance of regular and impartial supply, it would become even to London a matter of indifference whether British war-planes could circle over Cairo or British warships find a shelter at Singapore. But to this solution American *laissez-faire* is as much the enemy as British imperialism.

The need remains, it is said, for civilized administration of the territories which produce these things: that no nomad tribe has a divine right to keep, as its own hunting preserves, territory which might satisfy the world's need of cotton or oil. Possession must be justified by the effective use of natural resources. But if this argument, based on the claim of mankind to all the earth's potential riches, is to be honestly used, then there must be an authority which represents mankind and no national government with the right to apply it. In a very timid form this principle is latent in the League's system of mandates. That system, though it was in its origins a laughable hypocrisy, may be capable of further development. The Mandate Commission stands in need of stronger backing from public opinion in its occasional efforts to check and criticize the administration of the Great Powers. The suggestion that it should have its own resident reporter in every mandated area is worth consideration. In the long run we shall have to face the fact that every imperial Power which boasts that it holds its tropical possessions as the "trustee" of their native inhabitants and of humanity at large ought in that case to hold them not as owner or conqueror but under the mandate of an international authority.

I would base the future of the League on the decay in men's minds of the conception of a Great Power. The word means nothing but the ability to act, by virtue of force or the prestige which force conveys, beyond national frontiers. Within these frontiers democracy may seem to be sovereign; beyond them it has no meaning. To other Powers, save by courtesy and at a sacrifice, no Great Power can ever bow or yield. That is the meaning of the insistence on unanimity in the League's constitution. Many years ago, when we were discussing the foundation of the League, Gilbert Murray asked me: "Can you imagine the British Empire consenting to allow itself to be placed in a minority in any international assembly?" Candidly, I cannot imagine it. But so long as this clinging to the idea of national sovereignty survives, so long will the League be a mere decoration which barely disguises older and harder realities.

Disarmament alone will not cause the conception of national power and sovereignty to decay. Above it we must create a mechanism which represents and serves the common economic interests of mankind. Men will find the League workable when the bond of common opinions means more to them than the bond of nationality. Opposed to this evolution are the economic interests which use the power of the national state for gain. The future depends on their defeat in the social struggle waged within each national unit. But by constructive criticism and the reasoned statement of an international ideal we may, while we struggle, hasten the victory of humanity.

These Modern Women

The Evolution of Disenchantment

ANONYMOUS

AS one of those awful Southerners in the North, I shall have to begin with the Civil War. Of course there were earlier wars in the family annals, but I do not feel so personally responsible for them. Grandpapa A gave some money to the Confederate Army and stayed at home to look after his possessions, consequently came out of the war pretty well off, continued to beget daughters, and in his old age was rewarded by the appearance of a son who was to be my father. When I was very young I thought it a terrible disgrace that Grandpapa A had not gone to fight the Yankees; now I regard his perspicacity somewhat differently. Grandpapa B was a hero and went to war (it now appears that he went reluctantly but it was a long time before I knew this), ruined his health, came home to dire poverty, begat a number of children, and died with suspicious readiness. My mother was his oldest daughter.

Papa was a good-looking young man, trained to do nothing, who drove a fast horse and was supposed to have money. Mama was such a good girl that when a man once told her she had a pretty foot she blushed and wondered if she should feel insulted. The last cent of her inheritance from her grandfather had paid for her college diploma. She had taught school for a year and been sick most of the time; her mother told her to get married. So the city girl drove back of that fast-stepping horse to her country home; all the male relatives of the groom got drunk at the wedding supper and I was born as speedily as possible, not as an accident but as the natural consequence of ignorance. The physician was papa's brother-in-law and an autocrat; he believed that women should suffer in childbirth and refused to administer chloroform during the process. The parents were twenty-two years old, papa startled but inclined to strut, mama consumed with bitterness and terrified of having another baby, all three of us surrounded by a family organization tighter than a band of steel. It was determined that the only son must stay on the land, in spite of the fact that all other decent families had moved away and tenant-farmers were all around beginning their devastating efforts.

There was not a thing papa knew how to do except

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ride a horse and boss the Negroes about the crops. It developed, too, that after Grandpapa B had given each of his girls a good wedding and two thousand dollars there was not much left except the two farms. So we lived with the bluegrass hills and the rattlesnakes, the mocking birds and the darkies, my mother in a terror of childbirth and I in a loneliness not greatly mitigated by the contempt in which I was taught to hold all other children in the vicinity. I could play with the Negro children, who knew they were my inferiors, but I could not play with the white children, who might want to dispute this. The Negroes, too, taught me to despise the white tenants as trash, so it was not hard for me to perceive that my family was the most remarkable in the world. But those lonely, bitter years were a crime against childhood; I shall not ever lose their scar. There was always plenty of money for newfangled and useless machinery, never any for books; the small girl read Shakespeare and the poems of Edgar Poe; she thrilled over the composition books in which her mother had written college themes; she determined to be a writer.

We print herewith the seventh of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in The Nation *for February 16.*

Beatrice M. Hinkle, psychoanalyst, and John B. Watson, behaviorist, will analyze through these articles the underlying causes of the modern woman's rebellion.

Before I was six I knew that men could do something terrible to women, and I flamed with the injustice of it. I ached with the longing to make it up to my mother and I braced myself against the dining table to tell my father that I hated him, then fled in terror before his threatened vengeance. That ache and that hatred continued until I was myself out of college, and there have been many nights when I have stayed awake planning desperately how to make a great deal of money and take my mother away from my father. Now I know that she would not have gone; now I know that there were compensations which she never allowed me to suspect, and that there was never any reason for things to be half as bad as I thought them. But the scar remains.

When I was seven we moved to the city. My mother's family, more prosperous now, made a place for my father which he took on sufferance, always with the threat that he would soon be going back to the country. Once we did go back and I hated him worse than ever, but we did not stay long. In business my father has always been the kind of man who comes out of a trade poorer than he went in; he has the need to be generous and lordly and superior to money; he wants to give things away in order to assure himself that he is of some importance in the world. When I was seven there was also a little brother to relieve me of some of the injurious strain of my mother's devotion.

My two grandmothers must not be omitted. They were very different, except that both were proud as peacocks. Neither had any just cause for pride, but that was the way they had been brought up. They outlived their husbands many years and continued to dominate the families. My mother's mother was the daughter of a country doctor who roused the ridicule of his patients by the education he insisted on giving his girls. Perhaps it is from him I get my feministic strain. I doubt if either grandmother felt it was any particular hardship to be a woman; they were both vigorous, able women, capable of getting a great deal of enjoyment out of life. They took, as I remember, a rather tolerant and somewhat amused attitude toward the men of the family; it was my mother's mother who used to check me up when I said bitter things against men or specifically against my father.

By the time I reached my teens I had a well-developed dogma on the world's injustice toward women because they could not have everything they wanted, on nature's injustice toward women because they have to bear the children, and a lack of interest in God because he was a man. A lady god would have roused my soul's devotion. It is true I did get religion when I was about twelve, being then jointly in love with the minister and the minister's daughter. I spent an afternoon kneeling at the altar and tried to feel uplifted, but without great success; told my Sunday-school teacher of the visions I had and despised her for appearing to believe me. Then at fifte I fell in love with a language teacher who was an athei and lost my religion. Thereafter I had only one religion, a sort of perverse feminism, based on the convictions that women had all the children, men had all the fun, and men were pretty awful anyhow. I was still determined to have a career as much like a man's as possible. And no babies. And no matrimony.

Mama said she wanted me to have three good offers and to refuse three. She wanted me to be a glorified old maid, doing the things she might have done. I decided I would get married when I was thirty, in order to have tried everything, and then I advanced the date by six years to get rid of the argument: to be or not to be. It seemed to me it might be pleasant to have something settled, even though the settlement itself was bad. Then I had begun to suspect that marriage could not possibly be as bad as I had thought it. And I had met some Northern men who seemed to think women might be treated more or less as adults and who were willing to assume some of the responsibilities for the more boresome side of domestic life. I had lived too long in a family of men who in times of distress remained pleasantly incapable of making a cup of coffee; I do not believe I could have married a Southerner, and if I had I am sure I would have murdered him the first time he asked for his slippers or the evening paper. So I married a Yankee and found marriage not so bad as it might have been, nor yet so good. At any rate I got that cause of conflict more or less settled. My husband is interested in my work and I am interested in his; at a pinch we substitute for each other, though this is growing more difficult as we grow older and our interests become more specialized. He is eager for me to develop as far as I can, and he has few theories about woman's position, or man's. We keep house casually and travel a good deal. My own diathesis is against anything that is fixed. We have no children and thus my mother's old terrors are laid for me.

The war swung me out of college into a totally unexpected job. Since then I have dabbled a bit in college teaching and a bit in research. Over the college teaching I was discouraged because, while I liked the students, I found it rather dull ladling out platitudes to the indifferent adoles-

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cent, and I could see no prospect of working into graduate teaching. Women do not, as yet, get much chance at this cream of the teaching profession. In research I shall always be interested, though here, too, I am hampered by my attitude of disenchantment. I can never quite accept the finality of a statistical formula, and the errors which are constantly being demonstrated in the work of even the best scientists make me a little dubious about branding any conclusion as the Truth in capital letters. I can still get mad when I see an obvious case of discrimination against women, but in general all my old feministic revolt has been transferred from men to the conditions of human existence. There is nothing any of us can do about these conditions which does not seem to me futile, so my only test for different activities is the pleasure to be derived from them.

Thus I have at a comparatively early age lost all my motivating faiths, faith in the righteous cause of women, faith in the recreating powers of science, faith in the ennobling possibilities of education. This is indeed a very sad state. Worse, I have become that futile creature, a writer. I had rather make small black marks on paper than go through any experience I can name. The sensory pleasures have pretty largely ceased to be; I can sit here in my quiet study and desire to desire something, something to touch or taste or see or hear, but the desire does not come. If I were building a Utopia, I would take away our memories, so we would start fresh every day, and then I would endow each of us with strong, lusty desires, and I would give us strong, eager feet with which to run swiftly and determinedly after our desires. I would leave principles out of my Utopia, even feminism; in place of principles I would give us all a magnificent and flaming audacity.

A Government of Minnows

By FRANK R. KENT

Washington, January 21

ALMOST exactly a hundred years ago a discouraged friend of the able but not amiable Adams coined a phrase, "the millennium of the minnows," in order to describe the small fry swept into public office on the great popular Jackson tide. There are times when a look around the official Washington of today makes that description seem to fit present conditions perhaps better than it could possibly have done in 1828. There is of course one really big fish in the Department of Commerce, and there is a splendid shining gold fish over in the Treasury Building, but for the most part they do seem to be more or less of the minnow variety. The glitter of the gold fish and the splash of the big one go a long way to prevent a general comprehension of the extreme insignificance of the others that swim about in the Capitol pool. To drop the piscatorial metaphor and get down to cases, when you eliminate Mr. Hoover and Mr. Mellon, about whose size and sense opinions radically differ, those occupying high place here today undeniably grade pretty low. There is a class of writers in Washington who think it dreadful to blurt things out like that. Even though it is a conceded fact it seems to them "unnecessarily vitriolic" and "unbecomingly violent" to state it in print. Yet not many unbiased and posted persons would privately combat that particular indictment.

In the White House, for example, we have a small Massachusetts machine politician whose flawless record of inertia and inaction in a dozen offices plus several extraordinary pieces of political luck has enabled him to keep an unbroken attachment to the public pay roll for thirty years. His real intimates include a retired Boston department-store keeper, an aged Vermont village lawyer, and a dull but rich Massachusetts mill-owner who rode up on the same State political machine. In his official Cabinet are the scintillating figures of Mr. Sargent, Mr. Wilbur, Dr. Work, James J. Davis, and Harry F. New. In the House we have the noble "Nick," who looms large as a leader only to certain congenial colleagues and to them only under certain circumstances. There too is the devoted Tilson, whose caliber was well illustrated in the recent cruiser fight. Over on the Senate side leadership, such as it is, is lodged in the hands of Curtis of Kansas, Bingham of Connecticut, Fess of Ohio—honest and worthy men, smooth but unstimulating. However, this lack of outstanding legislative leaders and great executive figures is not a thing of which to complain in this time of prosperity and absence of critical problems. The country has not suffered because of them. Perhaps on the whole it is better not to have stimulating men under such conditions. So long as a negative policy is all that is needed, these negative men, aided by a daily press four-fifths of which in the last ten years has become concentrated in strong Republican hands, can rattle around in their jobs without doing anybody any real harm and with great joy to themselves, albeit some of them never quite get over the uneasy feeling that in their case a mistake has been made and that somehow it is going to be found out. You can if you watch for it often see this apprehension in the eyes of the Attorney General. In negative action, however, they are all right. It is only when affirmative action is required that mediocre men clothed with power make trouble for themselves and the rest of us—which brings us quite naturally to Mr. Kellogg and the State Department.

Not long ago one of the wisest of Washington observers—he is not an office-holder—speaking of the conduct of our foreign affairs made what seems a searching and trenchant remark. Said he: "Our State Department, like the British Foreign Office, is conducted primarily and properly in the interests of the business of the country. The difference is this—in England it is business as a whole which is represented. With us it is not only business as a whole but individual business as well. At the British Foreign Office a group of business men representing an industry can get in—and they ought to get in, but the individual industrialist with his little individual ax to grind and his little personal grievance to air cannot get in and ought not to get in. With us that is the very fellow who does get in. Not only the bureau heads but the Secretary himself is easily accessible to him. Every little tin-pot business man who wants to can get into our State Department and muddle the minds and cloud the heads of the men who mold our

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policy and commit our country. This may be democracy, but it has its disadvantages."

The more reflection given this comment the more reasonable it seems. Unquestionably it is the individual business interest which has forced Mr. Kellogg on his indefensible course in Nicaragua and in Mexico, not industry as a whole. It seems to be generally believed that the interested individuals in this case were oil men and that they were powerful or persuasive enough to have compelled Mr. Kellogg to take affirmative action and for Mr. Coolidge, who is inherently averse to all forms of affirmative action, to support him in this policy as soon as he discovered what it was—which it may be said in passing was quite late in the game. The net result has been a sorry mess. No one can tell what the situation will be when this appears in print, but as it is written, while the prospects are that we will muddle through and avoid an actual clash with Mexico—perhaps even emerge on Arbitration Avenue—our loss will be none the less real no matter what we gain. Our prestige in South America has mostly gone; even the pretense of friendship with us among our Latin-American neighbors has vanished, and the diplomats in Europe are gleefully chuckling over the situation. Here is America, which since the war has been trying to save the soul of the world and has preached at the Powers without ceasing, pointing out to them the beauties of national goodness and unselfishness—here is America doing to a small nation on this continent exactly what it has been the American custom to deplore in Europe. Why shouldn't the diplomats chuckle? They have, as the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* points out, got the United States on record in a way which will bind it to silence when the occasion presents itself—as it will—for European Powers to take analogous steps where their interests are involved. It is a great pity that Mr. Kellogg could not stick to negative action like the other Cabinet minnows.

The Debt Unsettlements

By JAMES N. ROSENBERG

THE clamorous European echoes of the recent Columbia manifesto urging a reopening of the European debt question remind us again that this matter of the Allied debt is far from being settled. Aided by our politicians we have come to look upon ourselves as benevolent and generous creditors. But Europe, led or misled by its politicians, has as strong convictions to the contrary and looks upon us as an international Shylock. Europeans know only that we are eternally asking for blood-money. Whenever the European tax collector comes around, they blame us. That is politics.

The only hope of a friendly and lasting solution of the question lies in removing it from the arena of party politics, dealing with the matter as if it were a business affair between an embarrassed debtor and an intelligent creditor. Let us forget that mighty sovereign states are involved. Suppose a business corporation gets into a jam—what happens? We examine the circumstances. Perhaps the corporate affairs have been so mismanaged, the corporate assets so looted, that the debts are far greater than the assets and it is not worth trying to resuscitate the concern. Then only one course is possible—receivership, bankruptcy, liquidation, the scrap-heap.

But perhaps the debtor corporation has assets and good prospects for future earnings. Perhaps it has mines, factories, lands, labor, but not enough cash or other liquid assets. It needs merely time to work out of its difficulties. In such circumstances an intelligent creditor gives time.

There is a third possibility—a settlement at less than a hundred cents on the dollar. If it is useless to accept extension notes because the debtor has not enough to pay them, intelligent creditors, as realists, accept a compromise. They trade and bargain and sometimes haggle. Finally they take fifty cents on the dollar, or forty, or whatever they can get.

Now, you cannot put a sheriff or a receiver in charge of a government. If the government is a weak one, or if it has been beaten in a war, you can arrange for a financial adviser or a reparation committee, which looks a good deal like a receivership; but with most of the countries of Europe such a course is not to be thought of. Let us perforce take a cheerful view and politely assume that our European debtors are solvent and want to pay us but are temporarily hard up for dollars. Just what shall we do?

We can grant an extension of time or take a settlement at less than one hundred cents on the dollar. But we in America have chosen neither course. What we have done is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. Our representatives have solemnly assured us that the last drop of blood has been squeezed out of the turnip, and the high-minded European statesmen have told their constituents that although the Americans are bloodthirsty sharks they have been induced to be quite reasonable. But when these statesmen are dropped from office, how do their successors talk? "What!" they exclaim, "the United States yielding or generous? Just listen to what the American Secretary of the Treasury has himself stated to the people of the United States." So they prove from our own lips that we are grasping and merciless. Thus the dragons' teeth of hatred are sown.

Now, when a business creditor exacts a settlement he makes sure that he gets real money and not worthless stage money. If he accepts a 50 per cent settlement on a $100,000 debt, he sees to it that before he releases his old debt he gets a certified check for $50,000. But what have we accomplished in our dealings with Europe? In place of the notes which England owed us at the time of the Armistice, we have accepted new notes for 75 per cent of the principal amount of the old notes. In place of Italy's old notes we have taken new notes for 25 per cent of the old debt. From Belgium we have taken paper for 54 per cent of the old debt, and we are now proposing to settle with France on a basis of 48 per cent. These agreements are merely the acceptance of new scraps of paper for old scraps of paper, of new promises for old promises. And we have called these agreements settlements.

Instead of pursuing this stupid, irritating, and discriminatory policy, why should we not, as intelligent creditors, say to our debtors in Europe something like this:

> We lent you eleven billions of dollars to help you win the war. You admit you owe the money. We, on the other hand, admit you cannot pay it at present. We do not wish to press you, but, of course, we know that yours is a high-minded, powerful, solvent government and that given time you will insist upon discharging these obligations for moneys which we were able to lend you because of heavy taxes imposed on our citizens. You shall, of course, have time, plenty of it. Ten years have gone by since we lent you this vast sum. No repayments of principal have been made.

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Hardly any interest has been paid. Never mind. We are your friends, your brothers, as we were your allies in the war. So we declare that for another ten years you need not pay a penny of principal or interest. We lift the load from your shoulders so that you may prosper and so that you may feel free of burden to us for a total period of twenty years. We have already settled with some of you which we thought not only fair but generous, but we gather that you are not satisfied, that you consider us harsh creditors. If that is so we offer to let you cancel the settlement already made. Let the old debt be restored. It can stand for the additional ten-year period, and at the end of the ten years if you find yourselves ready to discuss payment in whole or in part, we shall be glad to discuss the matter with you. If at the end of the ten-year period you are not ready to pay in full, we know that you will be able to make some payment in part at least to reimburse our citizens.

If such a policy were to be announced and pursued we could take the matter out of politics, put it on a sensible and business-like basis, and make a step at least toward a final solution, or we would remove all opposition of the irreconcilables since we would not be canceling any part of the debt; and we would stop the mouths of the hate-breeding jingo foreign politicians.

The Solid South Backs "Al" Smith

By GEORGE W. HAYS,

Former Governor of Arkansas

WITH the popularity and influence of "Al" Smith and his importance as a national figure increasing every day, many persons are asking what attitude will be taken by the solid Democratic South toward his candidacy for the Presidential nomination in 1928. One can hardly pick up a newspaper without coming across the statement that the South will reject the New York Governor as Presidential nominee on account of his religion; that the Southern delegates will bolt the party to which the South has always given its whole-souled allegiance rather than accept Smith as standard-bearer. To one who is fully alive to the true sentiments of this section of the country such speculations appear almost ridiculous.

I doubt whether other parts of the nation realize the strength and solidity of the Democratic Party south of the Mason-Dixon line. Locally, to be nominated by the Democratic Party is to win the election. The candidates who lose in the primary go on fishing trips, while the successful nominee is interviewed by the press on the reforms and policies of his future Administration. This condition prevails throughout the South and Southwest with the exception of sections of Kentucky and Tennessee, both of which have gone strongly Democratic this year.

The Democratic Party is the party of our fathers and our fathers' fathers. It is the perfect organ for the expression of our political beliefs and hopes. We are mainly an agricultural people, in contrast to the industrial North and East. Our advancement must come largely through our farmers and small merchants. We are probably the largest group of individualists left in the nation in this day of industrialism and mass production. The Democratic Party is the only party whose ideals and platform represent our interests.

The Southerner distrusts the Republican Party with an instinctive suspicion fully as strong as the faith he holds in Democracy. His animosity is "bred in the bone," a heritage from the period of Republican ascendancy in the South during the dread days of Reconstruction when the carpet-bagger ruled over a desolate and wretched land. The deliverance of the South in those times was the Democratic Party. By lining up solidly under her protection the Southern white man discovered that he could once again win back to freedom and social supremacy.

In the light of these facts it is easy to see how absurd is the presumption that the South would desert its party in the event of Governor Smith's nomination. The argument that the religion of New York's chief executive would bring about a change in Southern allegiance assumes that religious prejudice and intolerance are stronger than party loyalty. Such an assertion is unfair to the vast majority of Southerners. While it is a fact that most of us are Protestants, I feel certain that I voice the sentiments of the average Southerner when I state that the principles of Democracy are too great and mean too much to us ever to be sacrificed for anything so un-American and so petty as religious bigotry. The Constitution of our country says that there shall be no religious test for office. Church and state are completely separated.

The events of the 1924 Democratic National Convention are not pleasant to recall. Religious dissension showed its ugly head. Painful and humiliating but inevitable were the results in the elections which followed. We learn from experience, and I feel certain that at the convention of 1928 the delegates, bearing in mind the fiasco of 1924, will nominate their strongest and ablest man and put aside petty politics and sectionalism.

The elections last fall showed that a reaction was setting in in favor of the Democratic Party. In view of the scandals of the Republican regime and the Republican Party's failure to coordinate and harmonize its own ranks, discord and discontent are widespread and the people throughout the nation are ready for a change to Democratic control. With such a leader as Governor Smith the return to Democracy should be an almost foregone conclusion. He is not only the greatest figure in the Democratic Party today; he is the most important statesman of our time regardless of party affiliations. To belittle such a man because of his religious views would be incredibly stupid.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter finds in his letter file the following from a correspondent in Cleveland:

That impulse to kill—to kill a fellow-being, to take upon myself the mark of Cain—has been coming over me. And I want you to file this letter whether you publish it or not; I may have to use it in my defense some day.

I spend much of my time in a Ford coupé, chasing around downtown Cleveland. A few months ago I welcomed, as a big step forward, these automatic, three-light signals at busy intersections. I have obeyed them faithfully. To me they are a much better traffic control than an officer. There is such an absolute, impartial Justice about them. The signal is inexorable and each driver checks the other, a symbol of automatic Democracy.

But pedestrians, apparently, are Republicans or Bolsheviks. What gets my goat is that after I have waited patiently for my green "Go" signal, and am just start-

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ing up, a pedestrian walks deliberately across the street.

I am mild. I consider the safety of the other fellow. But think of some of the drivers we have nowadays. Take a real he-driver; add to him some of the thoughts I had today; and you might get a dead pedestrian. Here am I with an incipient urge to hit the leering pedestrian who crosses my path at the wrong time. I have in my hands, under my power, the weapon that will do the job. I have the probable immunity. With an officer out at the intersection trying to speed me up, no court would hold me guilty.

I wonder how many of our traffic accidents are accidents. Are we going to wake up to a new spasm of our social order, an epidemic of traffic homicide? Will the time come when jury verdicts of "justifiable traffic homicide" will be common? We must do something to lessen the traffic jam. Is killing pedestrians the answer?

* * * * *

PROBABLY the Drifter's correspondent, like most car drivers, is unaware of the law of the highway. Ironically enough, a candidate for a driver's license is questioned about almost every other subject under heaven except his legal obligations toward pedestrians. Nor are policemen better informed. The ancient law of the road, as expounded to the Drifter in those halcyon days before it had become a dead letter, gives the pedestrian an equal right on any part of the highway with any vehicle and a special right at crossings. Legally speaking, a crossing is a continuation of the sidewalk. It is the pedestrian's special domain. A vehicle crosses it on sufferance. No automobile has a right to honk a pedestrian off a crossing or to keep him waiting at one side. Probably this is *legally true* in most cases even where there are lights or where a policeman regulates traffic. In New York City, at any rate, the municipality has been empowered by the State to regulate only vehicular traffic—not the goings and comings of pedestrians.

* * * * *

BUT of course in the year 1927 all this is mere theory—moonshine of the most impalpable sort. There has been no invested capital to champion the pedestrian's rights. He himself hasn't even been aware of them, and through neglect he has irrevocably lost them. The Drifter read a paragraph recently in which one citizen was represented as saying militantly to another: "We pedestrians ought to organize to protect our rights." To which came the placid reply: "What rights?" What rights, indeed? To reclaim the rights of the pedestrian today would, in most of our cities, tie up traffic in a Gordian knot in ten minutes. And the Drifter surmises that the pedestrian has got what he deserves. He is a chicken-hearted, white-livered insect who has been more devoted to getting a car in which to play the bully himself than to asserting his rights or those of his fellows when afoot. Let him suffocate in his own exhaust.

* * * * *

THE Drifter's sympathies used to be all with the pedestrian, but he is beginning now to regard the automobile driver as an object for commiseration too. When pedestrians straggle off the curb into the street and impede the progress of a line of cars without getting anywhere themselves, the Drifter would hardly blame some choleric driver for giving them a not-too-gentle bump. Come to think of it, the Drifter sometimes harasses drivers himself by stepping in their path and pretending not to see them.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

California Is Awake

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A student mass meeting, held on the University of California campus, January 13, discussed America's policy in Nicaragua and Mexico. Fifteen minutes before the meeting was scheduled to begin it was impossible to get inside the doors. An overflow meeting was held in another auditorium. About three thousand students attended, and many were turned away: sorority "sisters," fraternity "brothers," political-science students, foreign students, art majors—all the personalities that combine to make a university. Many sat in the aisles, more stood up; only three people left before the meeting was adjourned.

After the preliminary speeches by Professor Barrows, Professor Priestley, Chester Rowell, and others, the meeting was turned over to discussion from the floor. The trend of these talks was decidedly "liberal." A vote was taken and resulted as follows: For our policy in Nicaragua—about even. For our antagonism toward Mexico—80; against our antagonism toward Mexico—2,000.

The very fact that such a meeting was even called shows that the American youth is waking up; the fact that the discussion was "liberal" indicates that the splendid work of *The Nation* is bearing fruit; and the fact that the vote was 2,000 against 80 in opposition to America's maintaining a policy which may lead to war with Mexico offers evidence that American youth is unwilling to fight a war for "dollar diplomacy."

Our next ambition is a mass meeting on military training.

San Francisco, January 15 R. T.

Honor Where Honor Is Due

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Does *The Nation* know anything about the English case? Does it know that the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, in driving that corrupt judge from the federal bench, one of the most difficult feats imaginable, rendered a conspicuous public service for which it was applauded all over the country—everywhere, indeed, except in *The Nation's* Roll of Honor? It seems to me a very grave omission. How could you have overlooked this feat which made almost all journalism respectable?

St. Louis, January 6 CLARK MCADAMS

[We plead guilty. We should, of course, have placed the *Post-Dispatch* on our Honor Roll, and do so now with the greatest pleasure.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

No Rules for War?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Attempts to restrict the use of poison gas in warfare by international treaty are predestined to futility by the impossibility of including arbitrary regulations in a procedure which, by its very nature, must be without such regulations. War should not be confused with sport. In sport, ends are ignored for the sake of the means. In war, means are ignored for the sake of the ends, and by this an international Hoyle prescribing means is inconceivable. Indeed, by its very declaration of war, a nation says that all rules are off, and that henceforth anything goes.

Let poison gas be an indictment of war, and let us outlaw both; but if, as I cannot believe, it is possible to have war without gas, then it may also be possible to have war without guns or bayonets.

New York, January 15 A. Y. JAMESON, JR.

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Down with "March" and "Thursday"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For more than two thousand years the idea of war has been perpetuated in the names of one of the months and in a day of the week. Where do we find the idea of peace perpetuated in any universal public institution? Would a proposal to change the name of March to "Pax" and Thursday to "Peaceday" bring a storm of protest? Perhaps we are too "civilized" nowadays to create such memorials to the spirit of our age.

Indianapolis, December 27 FRANK ROSS

The Source of Freedom

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We ought not to feel extremely happy over the freedom of worship in the churches and freedom of thought in the schools (there is considerable of both, although here and there are restrictions). What freedom exists comes from a smallness of interest in religion and in the schools. Let the public become vitally interested in either, and much of our boasted freedom will disappear. It will go like the freedom of Negroes to vote in the South, the freedom of the press in Italy, the freedom of speech in America during the war, the freedom of worship during the Middle Ages, when religion was a vital matter.

Freedom in church and school today is probably due to our twenty-four-hour attention to "Business as usual."

New York, January 11 LLOYD M. CROSGRAVE

Let's Have Lots of Holly

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You say: "Now that Christmas is well over we can begin the New Year with good resolutions never to use live holly again." Why not say "Appreciate the plant so much that you will support a movement to learn how it can best be propagated by seed or cuttings. Help populate the region in which it can be grown, so that all that has been destroyed will be replaced. Persuade those who have helped in its destruction to join you in filling the world with more rather than less of the beauty of this or that American plant"?

Plant science has until recently paid little attention to the study of the propagation of native plants, but we are learning. We now know how the dogwood may be propagated, either by seeds or cuttings, and the response to a leaflet on dogwood distributed at the New York Flower Show last year leads me to expect an increase in the number of dogwood plants in America. With the information in regard to dogwood seeds and dogwood cuttings now available, one can say with conviction: "Use dogwood all you will; but use your own. Fill your world with the loveliness of the dogwood flower, of the gloriously colored leaves of the fall and the red fruit, but grow your own."

The problem of holly has also been solved. At one Christmas dinner this year the centerpiece was a ten-inch holly plant covered with red berries, and this was established in less than six months. Roses would have taken that long. Why should we be deprived of using living holly or dogwood any more than carnations or roses? We need funds for research work whereby in each State, at some college or university, at least one person will study the propagation of the plants of greatest beauty and those most in danger of extermination, so one can say: "Use the plant, but use your own, and help fill America with its natural loveliness."

The Garden Club of America has already given to the Department of Botany at Vassar College a Conservation Research Fund. The Boyce Thompson Institute of Plant Research is carrying forward the work without a special grant. Graduate students are at work on problems of this type at Ohio State University, Chicago University, and at Washington State University.

Do not sound the death-knell to the use of holly, nor ask us to use some scrappy substitute. Teach the Southern States how to have nurseries full of their own grown holly. It is done with the English holly in the West. It can be done with American holly in the East. Increase the number of American plants in America, first by aiding in obtaining the knowledge of how to grow them, then by aiding in growing of them. Enrich the lives of the American people with living American plants.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., January 4 EDITH A. ROBERTS

A School with a Lantern

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial Authors with Lanterns glows with the fire of freedom. It emboldens me to bring out my lantern and ask you to lift it high. I am searching for lovers of freedom to help the Modern School of Stelton, New Jersey, pioneer of libertarianism in education since 1910. There have been fears lately that it might have to stop for want of sufficient income, and a committee is attempting to raise an endowment of $100,000, which would carry about half the annual load and banish further fear. But it is a stupendous job for poor men in a land of hundred-percenters, and the help of every lantern-bearer that can be found anywhere is needed.

This school follows the lead of the child's spontaneous interests, letting play be its teacher; the child learns by doing. We consider education not merely preparation for life but a large part of life itself; wherefore we give the children the environment and the contacts of actual daily living in the world. We have an art-room, a weaving-room, a carpenters' shop, a printing-shop, places for all sorts of outdoor activities —sports, of course, gardens, barns with cows and chickens.

The school publishes a circular for free distribution, a 25-cent pamphlet on "The Spirit of Freedom in Education," a dollar book of the school's history, and an occasional magazine, the *Voice of the Children*, written, illustrated, printed, and bound wholly by pupils. It appeals to every friend of happy childhood to give it a lift.

Stelton, New Jersey, January 14 S. W. SIMPSON

Elinor Wylie, Geographer

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a review of "The Orphan Angel" in your columns I indirectly reproached Elinor Wylie for placing Portsmouth in Vermont. On rereading, by request, the passage I learn that Miss Wylie referred to Portsmouth in one connection and to Vermont in another, and she, you, and all concerned have my apology.

New York, January 18 ABBE NILES

One Soul Saved

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot read a publication which lends its advertising pages to such rabidly blasphemous propaganda as that which has disgraced *The Nation* recently. Granted that the Bible is confusing and out-of-date in many ways—it has been and still is the best crutch for limping humanity to stumble along life's perplexing road, and until you can provide a better prop, why knock away the old one? You undo much of your excellent editorial work by the folly advertised in your publication. I have not even opened the later numbers—they are too poisonous.

Formosa, Japan, December 22 CLARENCE GRIFFIN

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Books and Plays

First Glance

The age demanded an image
Of its accelerated grimace,
Something for the modern stage,
Not, at any rate, an Attic grace;

Not, not certainly, the obscure reveries
Of the inward gaze;
Better mendacities
Than the classics in paraphrase!

The "age demanded" chiefly a mold in plaster,
Made with no loss of time,
A prose kinema, not, not assuredly, alabaster
Or the "sculpture" of rhyme.

THIS poem, one of the best, I think, to be found in "Personae: The Collected Poems of Ezra Pound" (Boni and Liveright: $3.50), is only half ironical. It is only half, that is to say, against this age. One part of Mr. Pound regrets being born into a time when it is necessary, if one is to write good poetry, to be occupied with contemporary externals. This part of him hankers, and has been hankering for eighteen years, after the grace of other years, after alabaster and the inward gaze. Hence the many pages in "Personae" filled with translations or paraphrases from Propertius, the Provençal poets, and the classical poets of China; pages which, however learned and clever they may sometimes be, are not for me the real thing. The real thing in Mr. Pound—leaving out of account the famous epic, which is yet to be assessed—is his objective rendering of the age one half of him hates. The other half not merely relishes the act of rendering; it relishes the world thus rendered. "In a few years . . . no one will remember the trivial parts of me," says Mr. Pound to his detractors, implying that something greater will be remembered. I am not so sure. The best of him is still the impudent breeze of satire which blows through "Lustra." Coming on that once more in this collection, I gave the jump of delight which one must always give before the spectacle of a poet who has glanced directly at the world about him, decided how it looks, and invented a way of speaking that will bring poet, reader, and world for the moment into perfect conjunction. Epic or no epic, to have done this in many poems, even if they be slight ones, is to have become one of the poets of your age. And Mr. Pound is that.

In a foreword to "White Buildings: Poems by Hart Crane" (Boni and Liveright: $2) Allen Tate says that Mr. Crane has written "the most distinguished poetry of the age," and that if Mr. Crane is difficult to read, as he certainly is, the fault lies with the age, which does not offer "a suitable theme." "The comprehensiveness and lucidity of any poetry," explains Mr. Tate, "the capacity for poetry being assumed as proved, are in direct proportion to the availability of a comprehensive and perfectly articulated given theme." The rejoinder that it is the business of the poet to find or make such a theme where no theme is, that indeed the theme is always in the poet and not in the world, will doubtless be made; but it will be absurd in the face of Mr. Tate's analysis of the two elements fundamental in all successful poetry: adequate vision and adequate subject. The capacity for poetry will be a certain energy of vision; but there must be a subject to be seen. Mr Crane, says Mr. Tate, has the energy; our world, however has not the structure to support this energy. So Mr Crane's poems are formidable and, perhaps, futile; they ar the result of a powerful and original poetic mind straining in its nakedness to express nothing. I am not convince that this is the most distinguished poetry of the age, bu I am sure that it is distinguished poetry, and I am sur that "White Buildings" is important.

> And a poor prayer, in these days, to be simple.
> What can the curled tongue say a straighter way
> When beauty breaks, even before we touch it,
> Into a thousand ardors at a thought?

This third commentary upon our time is made by Laur Riding Gottschalk, whose collection of poems, "The Clos Chaplet" (Adelphi Company: $1.75), introduces simultane ously to England and America a metaphysician in vers of most curious and distinct merit. Miss Gottschalk equally convinced no doubt with Mr. Tate that the presen order does not invite the vision of the poet, escapes int her own brain for subjects to see.

> For in untraveled soil alone can I
> Unearth the gem or let the mystery lie
> That never must be found.

"The close chaplet of thought" to which she goes is nothin more or less than the knot of nerves at the top of th human spine. There she plants her eyes and plays with a manner of ingenious images, ideas, and rhythms sent t her along the nerves. Her book will seem laughably obscu to some. To others it will be fascinating with the fascin tion of the best, the most burrowing lines of Donne. Justl considered, it represents one of the numerous adventur which American poetry must make if it is to remain—c become—distinguished.

MARK VAN DOREN

Another Microbe Hunter

Wealth, Virtual Wealth, and Debt. By Frederick Soddy. E. I Dutton and Company. $3.50.

I AM not competent to review this book. I cannot tell yo whether it is one of the most important ever written, a though it well may be. It is about money, and having dea with money for fifteen years as a practicing accountant, know nothing whatever about it. My perspective upon i social implications has been hopelessly befuddled by virtue the thousands of individual transactions I have checked a balanced to the penny. Thus I stand—for once in my life shoulder to shoulder with the banker and the captain of i dustry. The three of us cannot see the wood for the tre The men who handle money the most have no more notion what it does to society than a Mississippi fishwife—or Congressman.

Frederick Soddy is Dr. Lee's Professor of Chemistry in t University of Oxford; he received the Nobel prize for chemist in 1921; he is the author of "The Interpretation of Radiun and other learned works, and one of the most brilliant scie tists alive. For many years his thinking has been regulat by the stern realities of quantitative fact. Struck with t objective absurdities of the economic scene, he has attempt to swing the searchlight of the exact sciences upon the poet and mysticism of money, credit, wealth, value, and the oth imponderables in which we economists, accountants, and ban ers deal. It is an adventure at once illuminating and pe

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plexing. His analysis of the going structure is clear, penetrating, and, for me at least, exciting. I did not miss a word, or an idea, as he looked at production, distribution, and physical plant in the light of the first and second laws of thermodynamics. But when he came to superimpose upon this physical picture the gossamer veil of money and credit, and particularly when he outlined specific controls for money to keep it from wrecking production, perpetuating poverty, going on the loose in business cycles—I stumbled and fell. The accountant rose up and overwhelmed me. He may have discovered, as his subtitle implies, "the solution of the economic paradox," but I cannot follow him in that solution. I hope to God he has; and that it remains for a Nobel prize chemist to lead us out of the wilderness.

Here is a ball of gold, nine inches in diameter. "As a hoard or store used to buy goods it will diminish in quantity, like soap when you wash with it." Even in the vault of a bank it will tend slowly to disintegrate. But lent out at compound interest, "in six hundred years, there would arise legal claims to a golden ball equal in size to the earth, and weighing four times as much." We remember the will of Timothy Forsyte. Of such nonsense is the fabric of money compounded. Its laws have no scientific relation—often no relation at all—to the laws governing the growth of tangible, consumable wealth. It is a gaudy fairy story, told in a parallel dream world of its own, never meeting the lines of matter, energy, and the physical realities upon which the food, clothing, and shelter of *homo sapiens* are necessarily based. And in that dream world, bankers, accountants, stock exchanges, public-utility valuations, mergers, high finance make their solemn way, mirthless and intent. Out of the stuff of dreams they appropriate a great fraction of the tangible wealth—diamonds, country houses, haughty motor cars, Ritz dinners, even beautiful blondes—and that is enough for them. What their dream stuff does to society at large they neither know nor greatly care. They are practical men who know how to make dreams come true.

So far so good. Money has evolved on the basis of a *scarcity* economy; the threat of not enough to go round ever furnishing its dominating drive. The industrial revolution, culminating in the marvels of modern technology, has achieved a *surplus* economy—more than enough to go round if the engineer were granted a free hand. The two systems do not interlock; money puts the engineer on half time. Capacity production of industrial America is twice the normal output of consumable goods. There is no more important problem than that of dragging money out of dreamland and forcing it to correlate with the curve of physical production, as governed by the technical arts.

Mr. Soddy says that the following measures will achieve this end. I copy blindly for the enlightenment of wiser men: The value of money should not depend on the quantity of a single commodity, such as gold. The standard of value should be based on the general average of goods consumed and used in living. Government statistical authority should work out an index number of prices and report its findings periodically to "the national authority charged with the issue of money, so that the issue may be regulated to maintain the standard of value constant, much as the National Physical Laboratory (in the United States the Bureau of Standards) is charged with the standardization of weights and measures. . . . The issue of money should therefore be regulated by its purchasing power, so as to maintain purchasing power constant, more being issued if the purchasing power tends to rise, or the index number to fall, and some withdrawn from circulation if the purchasing power tends to fall and the general price level to rise—very much as the speed of a steam engine under varying load is automatically controlled by steam being admitted by the governor when the speed tends to fall, and shut off when it tends to rise." All this is not so far from Irving Fisher.

Private banks should by law be required to keep national money, dollar for dollar, of deposits. They shall only be permitted to lend money genuinely deposited in their keeping by its owners, *who give up the use of it for the period of the loan,* and receive receipt in legal form therefor. Thus the bank becomes merely a brokerage establishment for placing loans for depositors. And thus, if you please, the whole tradition and practice of private banking is dealt a staggering blow. Bankers may know nothing about the social effects of money, but they can safely be predicted to know enough to call Mr. Frederick Soddy, M. A., F. R. S., seventeen kinds of a blundering fool. He puts them, as it were, in the ash can.

These two basic provisions plus a suggestion for inaugurating the new system comprise the remedy. No reader, however, should criticize them on the strength of this inadequate summary; he should first absorb all the cogent arguments presented in the book itself. And having done so, he can perhaps write a distraught reviewer and tell him if this is indeed the way out of that economic paradox which does so much to make life the half completed thing it is. And if it is the way out, suggestions as to a temporary chloroforming of bankers—in no other manner can they be kept quiet—will be also welcomed.

STUART CHASE

Endless Adolescence

Tar: A Mid-West Childhood. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni and Liveright. $3.

THE spectacle of a grown-up human being engaged in a continual process of self-examination and expressing his discoveries in terms of a naive bewilderment may well be disconcerting. In this sense it is always a little embarrassing to read a new novel by Sherwood Anderson. It is like being present at a birth. You know that you are witnessing a cataclysmic event in nature. Yet you cannot help feeling that after all you have no business to be watching that event, and, moreover, that the birth itself is hardly as important as the baby. In novel after novel Mr. Anderson continues to render, with a disturbing effectiveness, his mental and emotional birth-pangs, but somehow we never see the baby. Transposed into critical slang, this means that his books invariably furnish us with the spectacle of a genetic process, never with that of a creative process.

It is perhaps justifiable to ask whether an author who is also known as an artist has a right to manufacture a dozen books all of which are concerned with a sincere attempt to understand himself and a few simple ideas. The question becomes all the more puzzling when it is considered that Mr. Anderson is just as bewildered in his latest novel as he was in his first. Perhaps the criticism is obtuse; I have been told that this is what is called sincerity. Now, sincerity and simplicity are splendid things in themselves; but how far do they go toward the creation of an integrated work of art? In his foreword to "Tar," for example, Mr. Anderson explains that an author lives in a world of fancy, that he can never tell the truth about himself or any other real person, and that therefore the autobiography that is to follow is not really accurate but just sort of made up. Now, this is a fine, sincere thought—for a little boy. Unfortunately it is not part of the autobiography, which is told from the viewpoint of a little boy, but it is the sum and substance of the Foreword, which is presumably written by an adult. And even to arrive at this complicated idea (which has been worrying Mr. Anderson since "Windy McPherson's Son") he must write eighteen pages. Agreed, one is very sympathetic; but one can hardly be said to be vitally interested or aroused or moved.

"How are you going to understand women when you cannot understand yourself? How are you going to understand any one or anything?" Little Tar asked himself the question at the age of twelve, but Mr. Anderson asked it all through that quaint anecdote "Dark Laughter." Such questionings were the essential basis of his happily named "Out of No-

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where into Nothing." They may be legitimate, even profound —who can tell? But not all the interrogation marks in the linotype machine, no matter how charmingly arranged, can ever make a novel. It is pretty confusing to have an author create a character and then turn around and ask himself forlornly what that character means—in fact (more usually), what it all means. There is such a thing as detachment. It is the thing that comes last of all to the pioneer mentality.

To express his self-discoveries and perplexities Mr. Anderson employs a prose style which is like a glass tumbler in that it is utterly transparent. It is unlike it in that it will not hold water. The plain fact is that his style gets so simple as to become bald and monotonous; and eventually it fails to transfer the emotion. Despite the worshipers of naivete, no particular magic resides in words of one syllable. It will be objected that Mr. Anderson is trying to reproduce American speech rhythms. But if these rhythms are dull and sleepy, what is the sense in reproducing them? A novel does not have to be a stimulant, but it certainly need not be a narcotic. When Mr. Lardner reproduces the lingo of the baseball player or the hard patter of the manicurist, we are fascinated because these linguistic patterns have a hyperbolical poetry, a surprisingness peculiar to themselves. But the flat monosyllabic middlewestiness that Mr. Anderson transcribes (undoubtedly with admirable accuracy) is merely dull. It is not poetic, it is not flexible, it is simply a poor medium for expression. At times it sounds like a first reader, at times like the first profundities of a thoughtful fourteen-year-old.

In Mr. Anderson's latest book of wondering reminiscence these crudities are probably more in order. "Tar" purports to be a transcript of life as seen through the eyes of a young boy. What puzzles the reviewer, however, is the astonishing similarity of this book to the others Mr. Anderson has given us. We have heard these bewilderments before. We have even seen that race-track before, in the story I'm a Fool. We have met Tar's father several times, in Windy McPherson, in "A Story Teller's Story." "Tar" is a tale of youth; but Mr. Anderson seems to have put a spirit of youth in everything. Adolescence is admittedly a fascinating phenomenon. Perhaps it is most fascinating to the adolescent.

"Tar" is another reminder of the fact that Mr. Anderson has written and can write superb short-stories.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Voltaire in Formation

The Young Voltaire. By Cleveland B. Chase. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

THIS welcome addition to Voltaireana is a sympathetic attempt to tell "the dramatic and unusual story" of Voltaire's exile to England and "to trace the important part played by this episode and by other influences in the shaping of Voltaire's subsequent life and writing." It is distinctly a book for the general reader who knows rather vaguely that Voltaire got a good deal from his sojourn across the Channel but who cannot recall exactly what it was all about.

Mr. Chase's Voltaire is a vivid personality. Heir of a bourgeois tradition which our age values more highly than it does the social circles to which he aspired, the young notary's son determined to "make good." If we are to believe the author, this vulgar ambition, more than any other single factor, urged him on to the noble goal of admittance into the best social and literary groups at the capital. The *cartes d'entrée* were his plays and his brilliant, polished verse. That ambition also made him ridiculous in exalted regions, for he once lost his temper over a beating at the hands of one of the Chevalier de Rohan's lackeys and crassly sought retaliation. His efforts brought social disgrace upon him and he betook himself to England, where his temper could less readily be exercised and where the accident of his middle-class birth would be undiscussed.

He arrived in 1726, unknown, ignorant of the English language, and almost penniless, and in less than three years was an accepted social institution in England. Mr. Chase gives a faithful and vivacious account of his prodigious activity and his amazing success. Apparently all that Voltaire needed to do to win friends and admirers was to present himself and begin talking. But he did much more important things than talk. He observed everything carefully and pondered and made comparisons and broached half a dozen literary projects simultaneously. When these appeared in the years following his return to France, they served the double purpose of presenting England and a new Voltaire to his old followers. For, in Mr. Chase's own words, "when Voltaire arrived in England he was a deft and superficial poet; when he left he was a 'philosophe.'" Thanks to the philosophical influence of the English deists and the impressions which free English institutions had made upon him, he returned to France a reformer and a mature critic of society.

At this point Mr. Chase's enthusiasm leads him astray into broad and dogmatic generalizations on the influence of Voltaire's writing. "His ceaseless tirades were one of the most important causes of the French Revolution and of the fall of the old regime," he writes in one place, and in another: "It is not too much to suppose that had Voltaire realized that his preaching against the old regime was to bring on the cruel slaughter o the French Revolution he would have restrained his tirades. Apart from the question of Voltaire's prophetic soul, there is the weightier problem of determining the causes of the French Revolution. It is safe to say that neither Mr. Chase nor any other literary historian will solve it adequately. In common with Lytton Strachey and the early Morley, Mr. Chase lays entirely too much stress upon the influence of writers and books in the eighteenth century and entirely too little upon social and economic factors. Indeed, where he does touch upon them he does so violently, almost hysterically, which suggests that his acquaintance with the period has not yet ripened into intimacy. Moreover, it stands in unpleasant contrast to the rest of the book, which is distinguished by a gracious and polished urbanity.

LEO GERSHOY

This Unbelieving World

Power. By Lion Feuchtwanger. The Viking Press. $2.50.

CASTLES and titles and jewels and women—these are the coveted realities for which people chaffer and cheat and pawn their souls in the glittering world created by Feuchtwanger. Scruples are for weaklings; trickery and violence are more becoming to gentlemen. And so the tangible goods of a state and the feeble rights of its citizens are piled up in the rich profusion of an Oriental bazaar—a bargain counter to be exploited by prince and priest, by Catholic and Jew alike.

It is a racy and kaleidoscopic picture which the novelist draws—a veritable panorama of civilization in a turbulent South German state in the declining years of the Holy Roman Empire. Swabia is a vortex in which the influences of Vienna and Rome and Versailles are set spinning—a political whirlpool so vividly presented to the imagination that the book takes high rank among historical romances.

Dominating the story is the character of Josef Süss, the Jew whose march to power has the glamor and the assurance of a tale out of the Arabian Nights. Even in his ultimate surrender to the forces which he has built up only to have them destroy him, the note of splendor remains. The moneyed despots of his race offered to buy his life for five hundred thousand double ducats, full and unclipped. And it was to be a cash transaction, for "out poured a stream of gold, minted gold of all currencies, red gold, Spanish, African, Turkish, from every quarter of the world. It piled up, towered high, and never stopped; it grew man-high and as broad as a full-grown oak, a mountain of gold." But Josef Süss goes to his

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execution in spite of all, a diamond solitaire blazing on his hand.

Feuchtwanger is a poet; his intricate story moves in a rhythmic pattern and woven into it are passages of stately music:

> Where the Orient and the Occident meet, there lies the land of Canaan, infinitely small. . . . From the Occident there beats a wild continuous wave upon the land of Canaan: a thirst for life and personality, a will for action, for happiness, for power. . . . But in the south under the pointed pyramids there lie dead kings embalmed in gold and spices, refusing majestically to give their bodies to destruction; their images set in colossal alleys in the desert smile at death. And a wild continuous wave beats from the south upon the land of Canaan; a passionate cleaving to Being, a burning desire not to lose form and shape, not to lose the body, not to disintegrate. But from the east comes a message of gentle wisdom: Sleep is better than waking, to be dead is better than to be alive. . . . And the mild continuous wave ebbs softly from the Orient toward Canaan. Eternally these three waves flow over the tiny land and mingle one with another. . . . The tiny land of Canaan lies still and attentive and lets the waves flow over it and into each other.

All the clamor and trickery and riotous action of the novel are ruffled down at last to this note, vibrating to the harmony of the poet. That the outlines of this harmony have not been blurred in translation is due to the expert rendering of it into English by Willa and Edwin Muir. LISLE BELL

Portrait of an Educated Man

The Meaning of a Liberal Education. By Everett Dean Martin. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

IT is true, as Mr. Martin says, that "there is an important change in the attitude of the public toward education." Especially is this observable in the fields of education which lie beyond the walls of the academy. When Professor Dewey wrote "Democracy and Education" he did not envisage the very problems in human training which democracy inevitably had to face—an adult, extra-curricular demand for education and discussion. Adult education, Mr. Martin points out, is not new. The schools of Athens and the medieval universities were engaged in it; but they were established in a social milieu that gave them an intellectual aristocracy and conferred upon them the privileges of a leisure class. The crucial difference today is that intellectual life must be created and lived in an industrial democracy which neither grants leisure nor values reason above all things.

In this sense it is Professor Dewey's problem which Mr. Martin undertakes. But Mr. Martin's solution is sounder. Managing to see around the edges of his predicament, he realizes that social and economic forces cannot alter the ideals of the educational process when its aim is defined in terms of the attitudes it cultivates rather than the dogmas or doctrines it may inculcate. The description and historic exemplification of these attitudes, which is the chief preoccupation of the book, ultimately brings Mr. Martin to the position, more often implicit than stated, that if a liberal education means an intelligent pursuit of life, only a few in any multitude can achieve it. This may not solve the problem of democracy and education. If not, it does something better. It gives democracy up as irrelevant to education.

When one considers the traits which this book enumerates as belonging to the educated man, one rejoices in Mr. Martin's intimate appreciation of what intelligence really amounts to, apart from and above its expression in I. Q.'s; but at the same time one is appalled that he should not have been bothered, as Plato was in the "Protagoras," by the question whether such virtue could be taught. The educated man is "a mellow amateur, competent and well informed, but withal natural and human, wholly at ease with his knowledge and master of his technique; one whose thinking is play and whose mind does not squeak as it runs along." Mr. Martin turns to Plato, Aristotle, Abelard, Montaigne, Erasmus, Voltaire, and Anatole France to illustrate this definition. "In their words there is laughter and there is light." To be free of prejudice and propaganda, to be "debunked" as it were, to be an arduous skeptic without becoming an easy scoffer, to be an amateur inconsiderate of disutility, and to be forever in possession of a playful sense of humor, in short, to be intelligent—this is what being educated means. Who could deny the wisdom of this conception? But are there not some who would ask whether any educator who fully understood it would dare propose a program for its accomplishment? Mr. Martin is prudent as well as wise; he offers no positive measures, but contents himself with criticism of such obstacles to liberal education as utilitarianism, propagandism, the emphasis on mere rote learning instead of insight, Rousseauan romanticism, the conventional morality, and the intrusion of economic "class ideals."

In his exposition of the types of educated man in the great historical epochs Mr. Martin reveals his sympathies. These are with the humanists Erasmus and Montaigne, and his discussion of such men makes one of the most exceptional chapters in this excellent book. But here at the same time is Mr. Martin's weakness. He is just a little too this-worldly properly to evaluate rationalism, either in Plato, in scholasticism, or in contemporary science. Being deeply a humanist gives Mr. Martin unquestionable sanity in his understanding of the role of education in life, and genuine liberality in his conception of it, but it somehow prevents him from ever appreciating that which really makes education, knowledge, and insight a vital experience, the "amor intellectualis dei." MORTIMER J. ADLER

A Fresh View of the Child

The Language and Thought of the Child. By Jean Piaget. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

PROFESSOR CLAPARÈDE in his preface to this volume attributes its value to the fact that the author is young enough to have escaped the domination of older concepts from which the veteran psychologists of today had to free themselves, and so has been able to combine the dynamic and pragmatic view of the mental world as an organism that works under urges in a real world, the rich approach of Freud with his emphasis on emotional motives and mechanisms, the tremendous play of the social forces, the genetic clue as pursued by Hall, Gross, and Binet, and all the experimental and analytic methods from which these approaches were derived and which, in turn, they stimulated. There can be no doubt that one of the most amazing discoveries of modern science is the mind of the child, a thing as obvious as the evidence of the geological record and as readily overlooked until the proper viewpoint appeared. Yet nature does not cease to be landscape when it is recognized as the story of geology; and the sympathetic and aesthetic flair remains indispensable in the study of childhood, which would remain mute and inglorious if limited to the mechanisms of a narrow behaviorism. M. Piaget presents a novel approach to the rationalistic phases of the infantile psyche; and his opportunity comes through the provisions and spirit of the Institut J. J. Rousseau of Geneva, which in its nursery school provides for the most favorable development of its charges. It is the freedom and spontaneity of that pedagogical atmosphere that accounts for the naturalness and validity of the author's data. Now that it is all done (and a second volume is promised which will present the conclusions as a general interpretation), one wonders that no one did it before; the technique is so simple. It consists in nothing more than taking down the total conversation of two children of six years of age during a period of a few months. And the skill is all in the analysis of the material.

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Confining attention to the major conclusions alone, we discover that the child begins to talk as an *ego-centric* exercise. First there is an imitative prattle, then a monologue, in which he neither tells nor expects a listener, then a collective monologue, in which the other person is a stimulus and yet in which there is no dialogue because each goes his own way. The second order is *socialized* speech, in which there is true interchange, the talk of one depending upon that of the other, as in most children's games. In the statistical analysis the ego-centric quality appears and even yields a formula; for about half of the elements in early language deal with expressions of the actions and intentions of the speaker. In the beginning was the act, and the word followed it. The older child thinks socially, though talking to oneself may be a relic of an earlier technique but invested with the complexities of a later argumentative logic; accordingly the socialization clue must be well considered and directed in the child's development. By the same analysis we learn that the child's thinking is undirected, or rather directed from within; and consequently imaginative, fantastic, wish-fulfilling, not fully shaped by reality or directed to a realistic goal.

Under this generic formula there appear types and stages. Some children grow rapidly, precociously, others slowly; some are given to one, others to another of the common components of the language and thought activity. Quarreling is presumably the commonest variety of social and linguistic and, if primitive enough, fistic interchange, and in verbal encounter may vary from Billingsgate to Westminster parliamentary rejoinder; and argument, the most common name for the exercise, may be statement, gesture, demonstration, justification, and finally true reasoning, first with a dominantly concrete and then with an abstract application. What we obtain from this shrewd venture in the infantile jungle is at once a genetic picture decidedly more in focus than any which appears in previous contributions, and as well a confirmation of the analogy between the thought and speech of the child and those of the primitive mind. Piaget confirms Lévy-Bruhl.

M. Piaget varies his technique interestingly and profitably. In order to gauge and record the child's status in comprehension and narration, he tells a story to one child and then has this child tell it to another, who in turn repeats it back to the psychological observer. Since one must measure what each understood and was able to convey, the "functions" are complex; but they can be managed, though it appears plainly that children understand one another no better than they understand adults. The child is at first too ego-centric to be aware of these deficiencies; it understands itself as far as the pragmatic situation goes, and in addition, being interested in verbalism, its language exceeds its thought. In opposition to our analytic world the child's world is a *verbal syncretism*, which is not so unlike the fused patterns which the *Gestalt* psychologists emphasize; but its own patterns are so different from adult forms that we may account for the confusions of children—and their originalities also, both always interesting—in this more definite diagnosis. Children also feel the need of justification, which in the Freudian terminology becomes rationalization, and combined with the artistic trend is responsible for much fantastic delusion.

M. Piaget's book cannot be a popular one. It is addressed to serious students of child nature whose interest runs deep enough to follow a technique. With the appearance of the second volume it will be possible to extract the cream of it all for purposes of child-study, and by the same token to reduce to simpler statement the intrinsically significant interpretations. For the child jungle, like the primitive jungle of mentality, is to our sophisticated view, in which generations of simplifiers have been at work, arbitrary, confused, intricate, blind. But it is not clueless, if we have the wit to cast aside the rigidities of our enforced logicality and enter again into the world from which we have laboriously emerged. It is all part of the story of civilization, of how differently—individual and race alike—we begin and end; it illustrates that when the past is the forgotten and the outlived, the obvious is the hardest thing to discover. M. Piaget's treatise is an admirable example of the profitable journeys still possible in the familiarities that fail to become intimate because we have become foreign to them in their own provenance, or because they are so commonplace in ours that they seem insignificant. If only a child could psychoanalyze itself, psychologists would have a simpler occupation.

JOSEPH JASTROW

Books in Brief

Religion in the Philosophy of William James. By Julius Seelye Bixler. The Amherst Books. Marshall Jones Company. $3.

Any attempt to derive a narrow systematic doctrine from the philosophical writings of William James must fail to be considerate of the diversity of his insights and the ubiquity of his thought, veering in so many directions and inclusive of so bewildering a heterogeneity of opinion. Least of all is there a determinate creed in his philosophy which might be called the religion of William James. The structure of Professor Bixler's book suggests a more rigid system of ideas than actually contains. He is given, as is anyone writing about James, to ample quotation, and that alone would make impossible any thoroughly doctrinaire presentation. There is no doubt that James was tremendously interested in all sorts of religious phenomena and the relevant intellectual problems that any individual had to face. This part of his total philosophical thinking Professor Bixler has rather vividly indicated by collecting, reviewing, and organizing scattered passages in his major works, and more personal documents, including some delightful letters, for the first time published here. But James's interest in religion generates only a part of his philosophizing, and that part must be cooked and stewed in the sauce of the whole. Sometimes Professor Bixler forgets this, and then one feels that William James would have handled this book, as he once wrote of another dissertation that tried to systematize his ideas, "with mingled admiration and abhorrence."

Children of Ancient Egypt. By L. Lamprey. Illustrated by Margaret Freeman. Little, Brown and Company. $1.50.

Miss Lamprey has a nice instinct for what will interest children, and fortunately she bases it on such careful research that her writing is as dependable as it is entertaining. She manages here in a graceful story of a boy and girl of old Egypt to bring in a hippopotamus and a crocodile fight, to discuss hieroglyphics and the pyramids, and even to describe how they went shopping in the days of the Pharaohs. While writing primarily for young readers, Miss Lamprey drops in some observation here and there that gives her volume substance for older persons also. "It is hard to see," she says, "by what mental convulsion any one could conclude that because the ancient Egyptians decorated and dignified the tomb and spoke freely of the life beyond the grave, they were a gloomy and unspiritual people. Those who took this view seem to have inferred that the men who were the first to believe in immortality must have regarded their tombs with the same sensations of terror that ignorant and superstitious persons now have when passing a graveyard."

The Sublime Boy. By Walter de Casseres. With an Introduction by Benjamin de Casseres. Seven Arts. $2.50.

When Walter de Casseres drowned himself in the Delaware one night in 1900 he left behind him in the world a number of exceptionally lyrical and finished poems. Eight years seems little time for reenriching with any new experience the tried themes of life, love, and death. Yet Walter de Casseres sang these with so much freshness of feeling, and simplicity and grace of form and sound, so much definitiveness, that we come

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to realize we are in the presence of an experience beyond our own, another kind of experience—"that agony," perhaps, "drawn by sure measurement of the soul's fallibility," the coming universal desire not to live, as Hardy thought. Benjamin de Casseres waited twenty-six years to publish this book, and that implies its sort of tragedy. Passages of his introduction, where sincerity escapes the trick of words, become the substance of a profounder poetry than Walter's own.

The Book and the People. Essays on the Old Testament. Edited by Arthur S. Peake. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

Between the man on the street and the specialists in the universities the gulf often seems hopelessly wide. Any effort to bridge this is always welcome. Here is a book which aims to summarize accepted results in the field of Old Testament study. The authors are men who speak with authority, at any rate for Englishmen. While they have primarily in mind an audience of scholars, a novice ambitious to know what has been doing in recent years among the professional craftsmen of Old Testament research will find the volume of interest and instructive.

Rural Sociology. By Carl C. Taylor. Harper and Brothers. $3.

This book testifies to the common view that education consists of information. It contains a mass of facts, quotations, and statistics, not always accurate or up-to-date, on a great number of rural problems. The author's philosophy is suggested by a regretful observation that among rural people "the sentimental is almost universally decried."

The Free-Lance Writer's Handbook. Edited by William Dorsey Kennedy. Cambridge, Massachusetts: The Writer Publishing Company. $5.

Helpful suggestions to writers and would-be writers are like sermons over the radio—mildly inspiring and remotely effective. This collection is considerably better than the average, but its chief value lies in its reference list markets.

Drama

Ballyhoo

WHOEVER has happened at any time to read the Carnivals and Tent Shows section of that most comprehensive of theatrical journals *The Billboard* must have longed to be a playwright capable of doing justice to the life which those pages reveal, for whatever railroads and business methods may have done to the circus, the "Midway" is still Bohemian and its denizens are the last uncorrupted descendants of those wandering medieval thespians whom the unkind but doubtless accurate legal code of England classified as "rogues and vagabonds." They have—and the pages of the above-mentioned journal are still my evidence—their own language, their own code, and their own ideals. Through the medium of their chosen organ the man who "writes in" from a village in Kansas keeps in touch with his brother who is playing the remoter centers in Maine, and though I note that business is seldom better than 'fair" and though village chambers of commerce seem almost universally unreasonable, these members of "the profession" are at least resigned to their lot. So far as I know, no one else respects them, but they obviously respect themselves. There are Hula dancers—Koochie was of course the name before the Hawaiian craze struck even the rural regions and made them change their Oriental pantaloons for a grass skirt—as well known in their world and as proud of their names as any actress who ever demanded twenty-four-inch letters on Broadway; there are ballyhoo artists as vain of their voices as an Italian tenor; and even the humble member who sells potato-peelers from a suit-case on a tripod has both his professional secrets and his shop talk. Few outside the profession know that there are New York firms which for five dollars will supply "pit-shows" with an assortment consisting of one tarantula, five horned toads, and three pounds of assorted snakes; most are ignorant even of the fact that common "eating snakes" of the sort supplied to the various imitators of the famous Bosco are had at a special rate. Yet these market quotations are a matter of intimate concern to a very considerable body of human beings. When his paint is off and his wig put away Bosco has his private life, his professional pride, and the secrets of his craft. He occasionally drops the boys a line just to let them know that business this season in the Middle West is lousy; he would be surprised to learn that anybody did not know that the adjective "flashy," when applied to anything from the "front" of a tent show to one of the premiums offered at the Japanese rolling game, implies the highest possible compliment; and if there seems to be no demand at the moment for an artist in his particular line he, being a versatile man, is quite capable of responding to an advertisement which reads something like this: "Wanted—Blackface who can double in brass. Join on wire. No booze-hounds need apply. Tickets? Yes." A great life, he will tell you, if you don't weaken.

It is a slice from this rich life which Kenyon Nicholson has undertaken to portray in "The Barker" (Biltmore Theater), and in certain respects the job is well done. He has created a convincing atmosphere in outward things, he has, in many spots, mastered a vigorous dialogue, and he has created one or two characters—notably that of "Sailor West" the tattoo artist—who have a vivid life. But however original these various trimmings, he has, unfortunately, borrowed all of his situations from the common stock of melodrama, and the effect is of something terribly stale which has been artificially freshened up. In spite of a superficial air of newness it is always the expected that happens, and one may enumerate, one after the other, the inevitable stages of the action. (1) When the barker's son runs away from school to join the show the barker, of course, casts off his mistress for his son's sake. (2) This mistress, of course, plans a revenge by hiring the vamp of the troupe to seduce the son. (3) The vamp, of course, finds herself really in love with the boy and is much troubled because she is "not worthy" of his innocent devotion. (4) When the barker bestows upon her the biblical word for prostitute, the son, of course, exclaims: "You lie; even if you are my father you can't talk to her that way." And so it goes. Of course the heart of the barker is broken and of course he plans to leave the business, but of course the lure of the canvas is too much for him and even—need it be said—there is every reason to suppose that the vamp is about to reform her ways and make a very good wife after all.

Now I claim no first-hand knowledge of carnival life. It may be that those who live it really behave as other people do nowhere else except upon the stage of melodrama. Outside, the head of the usual flapper of the tents may be arranged in a very fetching marcelle and inside it she may be capable of the general emotional reactions of the ingenue in a *Ladies' Home Journal* romance; but I confess, nevertheless, that I have my doubts. I suspect that the real comedy, the real drama, and the real tragedy of the midway existence are something more deeply colored by the knowledge, the habits, and the ethos of that life, that they are more individual and less familiar than anything here presented. I suspect, that is, that the author of "The Barker" has not gone very far below the surface in the study of his characters and that he has made up for his deficiencies by a very considerable familiarity with the traditions of the popular drama. But to say this is not, of course, to deny that in all probability the present work will please a good many more people than the one I vaguely feel could be written. By the standards of Broadway it is a good show and it stands an excellent chance of great success.

"Bye Bye Bonnie" (Ritz Theater) is that very rare thing, a musical comedy with a genuinely amusing book—a book which happens in this case to deal with the plight of a reform candidate who was made by a cruel fate to figure in the courts and the jail as a bootlegger.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The New Danish Government

By JULIUS MORITZEN

IF it were not that Denmark is a very small country, the recent political changes, which retired the Social Democratic regime and brought the Liberal Party into power, would have aroused more attention from the rest of the world than was the case. It is perhaps the peaceful methods that characterize a Danish election and campaign for political supremacy that keep the news largely within the country, but at the same time enough importance attaches to the event which brought another party into power to warrant a résumé of what took place.

In Denmark today four parties are bidding for the popular vote. These are the Right, or the Conservative Party; the Left, or Liberals; the Radicals; and the Social Democratic Party. In the recent election the Social Democrats did not have the cooperation of the Radicals, due to differences about the economic crisis that caused the resignation of the Stauning cabinet and to the calling of a new election to the Folketing of the Danish Parliament.

As each of the four parties went into the election singlehanded the Liberals, represented to a great extent by the landed proprietor class, saw their great chance and with considerable generalship succeeded in proving to a large portion of the farmers that all the economic troubles of the nation could be laid at the door of the Social Democrats, supported largely by the workers of the city. This, of course, was begging the question. It is true that the trade unions of Denmark are basically Social Democratic in tendency and that between them and the agriculturalists ties of cooperation were being gradually loosened. But this condition is similar to that in the United States, for instance, where the farmers of the Northwest feel aggrieved because of their belief that the industrialists of the East are getting the major benefits of existing legislation.

The Liberals, assisted indirectly by the Conservatives, gained the day at the polls in that they won two more seats to the Folketing. The Conservative Party likewise obtained two more seats, while the losses sustained by the Radicals and Social Democrats were four and two seats respectively. The result, then, was that the Conservatives and the Liberals control seventy-seven members in the Folketing against a combined Radical and Social Democratic membership of sixty-nine.

The leader of the Liberal Party, Madsen-Mygdal, being charged by King Christian to form a cabinet, then chose the following, retaining for himself the portfolio of Minister of Agriculture, besides the premiership: Foreign Minister, Dr. Moltesen; Minister of Finance, M. Neergaard; Minister of Justice, M. Rytter; Minister of Commerce, M. Slebsager; Minister of the Interior, M. Kragh; Minister of Defense, M. Brorsen; Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, Pastor Brunn Rasmussen; Minister of Education, Dr. Byskov; Minister of Traffic, Director Stensballe; Minister of the Department of Sanitation, Dr. Rubow.

In analyzing the result of the election in Denmark the recovered province of South Jutland assumes a political importance perhaps not so noticeable on the surface. But the fact has been established that however much the South Jutlanders formerly under German rule desired to return to the mother country, Denmark, their desire, and its fulfilment at the hands of the Allied victors in the war, did not prove a wholly unmixed blessing. It is true that the loyalty of the South Jutlanders toward their Danish brethren north of the border never wavered during all the years since Germany, after winning the war in the sixties, possessed herself of the province. But patriotism is one thing, and economic well-being another. And as the situation became more acute in South Jutland there were many who wondered what had become of the promised benefit.

Naturally, the Social Democratic regime in power was made to feel the brunt of the criticism, and the Conservative and Liberal leaders did not fail to derive whatever benefit they could from the South Jutland dissatisfaction. All the political crimes in the calendar were charged against the Government, and when one Cornelius Petersen succeeded in combining a considerable number of South Jutland farmers into what was known as the "Self-Rule" organization which openly threatened to take matters in its own hands, the Stauning cabinet found itself obliged to put a stop to an agitation that was really the result of circumstance over which the Government had no control. Whether the Madsen-Mygdal regime will succeed in doing more for the South Jutlanders than the Stauning cabinet could do is a question for the future.

It was on April 11, 1924, that the general election to the Folketing brought victory to the Social Democratic Party. The Liberals had been in power nearly four years, M. Neergaard, the Minister of Finance in the Madsen-Mygdal cabinet of the present, holding the premiership. The four years of Liberal rule preceding the Social Democratic advent could not have been wholly satisfying to the Danish voter, but whatever may have been the cause the return to power of the Liberal element will be awaited with considerable interest by Europe in general if only for one reason: their attitude toward disarmament.

If no other legislation of importance had been introduced by the Social Democratic organization than the attempted reduction of the Danish military establishment to a minimum this alone should entitle it to respectful consideration. It is true that the Landsting, or upper house of Parliament, was opposed to this measure which had the support of the Folketing, but the Stauning cabinet succeeded in keeping the question alive. In spite of organized opposition a large portion of the population realized the futility of a military establishment which could prove of little value in war. Probably little will be heard about disarmament in the Danish Parliament unless the Social Democrats continue their campaign as the largest opposition party. The Conservatives have consistently stood out for the status quo in this matter and even pointed to the general European situation as an argument against any reduction in military and naval strength.

It is to be hoped that the rapprochement with Germany which was a feature of the Stauning administration, will be continued by the new Government. The German minority in the now Danish province of South Jutland has a representation of its own in the Danish Rigsdag. It played no particular role in the recent election, but, like all minorities in any land, needs special attention. But there need be no fear for the parliamentarism of Denmark. It is well grounded in principle. Monarchical in name, the rule is essentially democratic.

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The Soviet-Lithuanian Guaranty Pact

DURING the past year the Soviet Union has been negotiating treaties of neutrality and non-aggression with its Baltic neighbors in order to insure permanent peaceful relations with these countries. The Soviet-Lithuanian guaranty pact was the first treaty of this kind actually concluded. The treaty was signed in Moscow on September 28, 1926, a few months before the late coup d'etat in Lithuania. According to a recent statement by the new Lithuanian Government, the treaty will not be revoked as a result of the coup. The text as published in the Soviet press follows:

The Central Executive Committee of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, on the one hand, and the President of the Lithuanian Republic, on the other, convinced that the interests of the peoples of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and of Lithuania can be advanced by constant cooperation based on confidence, and also desirous to secure the establishment of universal peace, have agreed to conclude a treaty with the aim of furthering the friendly relations existing between the two countries, and for this purpose they have appointed as their plenipotentiaries:

For the Central Executive Committee of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics—George Chicherin, member of the C.E.C. of the USSR, People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and Sergei Alexandrovsky, plenipotentiary representative of the USSR in Lithuania, and

For the President of the Lithuanian Republic—Mikolas [illegible]evicius, Prime Minister, Minister of Justice, and Acting [illegible] of Foreign Affairs of the Lithuanian Republic, and [illegible]rushaitis, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipo[illegible]y of the Lithuanian Republic,

Who have met in Moscow and, after having presented their credentials which were found to be in good form and corresponding to the legal requirements have decreed as follows:

ARTICLE 1. The peace treaty between Russia and Lithuania concluded in Moscow on July 12, 1920, all the stipulations of which have preserved their force and inviolability, remains as the basis for the relations between the USSR and the Lithuanian Republic.

ART. 2. The USSR and the Lithuanian Republic mutually bind themselves under all circumstances to respect the sovereignty and the territorial integrity and inviolability of each other.

ART. 3. Each of the contracting parties takes upon itself the obligation to refrain from any aggressive acts against the other party.

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ART. 4. In case a political agreement is entered into by other Powers directed against one of the contracting parties, or in case of a conflict like that mentioned in Article 3, Paragraph 2, or if, when neither of the contracting parties is involved in an armed conflict, a coalition should be established of other Powers aiming to subject one of the contracting parties to an economic or financial boycott, the other contracting party will not be a party to such agreement or coalition.

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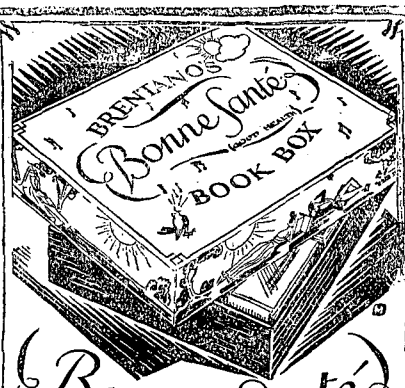

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Kovno. The treaty is drawn up in the Russian and Lithuanian languages. In the interpretation of the treaty both texts shall be considered as authentic.

ART. 7. The present treaty is to be in force from the moment of the exchange of ratifications for a period of five years, except Articles 1 and 2, the term of which is not limited.

The action of this treaty will be automatically prolonged for the period of one year if one of the contracting parties does not declare, at least six months before the expiration of the term of the treaty, that it desires to open negotiations concerning future relations between the two states. . . .

[Signed] G. V. CHICHERIN
SERGEI ALEXANDROVSKY
MIKOLAS SLAZEVICIUS
JURGIS BALTRUSHAITIS

At the conclusion of the treaty there was an exchange of notes between Chicherin and the Lithuanian Prime Minister. Chicherin's note follows:

The Soviet Government has repeatedly in its declarations declared itself to be guided by the desire to see the Lithuanian people, as well as any other people, an independent nation, and also in accordance with the note of the Soviet Government of April 5, 1923, addressed to the Polish Government, and moved by the sympathy which the fate of the Lithuanian people is arousing among the toiling people of the USSR, the Soviet Government declares that the actual violation of Lithuanian territory which took place against the will of the Lithuanian people has not changed its attitude toward territorial sovereignty as defined in Article 2 and in the notes of that article of the peace treaty between Russia and Lithuania of July 12, 1920.

The above note refers to the capture of the Vilna district by the Polish militarist Zheligovsky which was subsequently upheld by the Council of Ambassadors. The Soviet Government had protested at the time against the Council of Ambassadors which decided the fate of Vilna without consulting Lithuania. In the Riga treaty with Poland the Soviet Government agreed to recognize any agreement between Poland and Lithuania concerning the territories west of the new Polish frontier, i.e., including the Vilna district.

Contributors to This Issue

WILLIAM HARD will speak on Calvin Coolidge at the fifth *Nation* dinner, April 12.

ERNEST H. GRUENING, formerly managing editor of *The Nation*, has for some time been studying Mexican affairs.

HENRY NOEL BRAILSFORD recently resigned as editor of the English *New Leader*.

FRANK R. KENT, vice-president of the Baltimore *Sun*, writes regularly from Washington to *The Nation*.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG wrote three articles on the World Court, published in *The Nation* and now reprinted in pamphlet form.

GEORGE W. HAYS is a former Governor of Arkansas.

STUART CHASE wrote "The Tragedy of Waste."

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN wrote The Process of John Erskine in *The Nation* for January 12.

LEO GERSHOY has been engaged in historical research at Cornell University.

LISLE BELL is a New York journalist and reviewer.

MORTIMER J. ADLER reviewed "The Story of Philosophy" in *The Nation* for September 29.

JOSEPH JASTROW, author of a number of works in psychology, is a frequent reviewer for *The Nation*.

The author of The Evolution of Disenchantment is a member of the faculty of an Eastern university.

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